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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY
April 21

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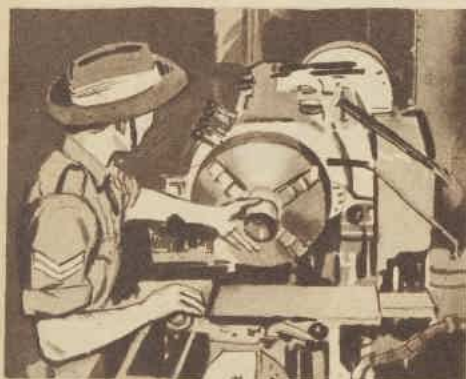
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Aunt Jinnys Jewels

George valued his legacy, but not as much as he did his disreputable old armchair

CLARISSA'S voice was high. "Either that chair goes or I do," she exclaimed at the end of a ding-dong go. A gross exaggeration, of course, because often over the past fifteen years we have agreed that we are rather delightful people to live with. No... my wife was on an emotional spree, the result of too much excitement refurbishing the living-room.

"Why, it spoils the whole ensemble," she went on. "It's like having a Tudor what's-its-name in a Louis the Oomph saloon."

"Salon," I corrected. I got forty out a hundred in Form IVB.

I'd bought the chair at a sale and it was one of the few remaining links with my bachelor days. I could even remember borrowing the money to pay for it. But in fifteen years I've developed contours that don't adapt themselves comfortably to new-fangled furniture and so I said: "I like the old chair. I like to snuggle my shape into it and dream of the countless others to whom it has been a boon and a blessing."

"The countless others are probably one whisky-soaked bore telling stories in a fifth-rate club," Rissa snorted. In a snorting mood she is sometimes quite eloquent.

I was determined to be resolute but, at the same time, preserve a seemingly calm. I said, placatingly, "Before I married I would sit for hours in it, thinking of you."

"You thought of me in trains and trams as well," she countered. "That's what you told me in a trance, anyhow. In omnibuses, too, if I remember. Surely you don't want to clutter up the living-room with dozens of worn-out buses? No... I won't have it in the house," she declared, stubborn as a rather pretty mule. "It's old, shabby, out of shape, and its horsehair's falling out. It's an eyesore, too."

I'd had a hard day. I was tired, and Associated Rivets had fallen again, and it was like listening while a dead friend's character is torn to shreds. I thought what a shock she'd get if I suddenly gave way to my pent-up emotions and, putting my head in my hands, burst into tears. I was thinking this when she suddenly put her head in her hands and burst into tears.

"You don't care what sort of a pig-sty I live in," she sobbed.

Talking like that when the new furniture with its frilly pink covers had made a hole in my savings the biggest pig in the world could crawl through! I thought what a good idea it would be if someone gave her a piece of his mind and heard myself saying, "Don't cry, sweetheart. Of course I care what sort of pig-sty you live in. I do, indeed. Now, what say we dry those tears and forget all about the old chair, eh? Let's put on our bonnets and trot along to the Rialto and have a good brisk laugh at the comedy that's on there?"

She is the sort of wife who will do anything to escape a cosy evening by the fire, and she cheered up miraculously and in a few minutes had her hat and coat on, and was handing me the diamond rings Aunt Jinny had left me in her will.

They are enormous clusters that would light the Jenolan Caves, and Rissa likes me to hide them because she is convinced if we leave them at home when we go out the entire underworld begins to lick its chops. While she was locking up I hid them in the living-room.

When we came yawning back from "Passion in the Dust" at the Monterey I gave the old chair an affectionate pat just to let it know I'd been thinking of it, and went off to bed. The chair was by the fireplace when I went to the office in the morning. It was gone when I came home.

"Where's my chair?" I demanded. My voice must have been terrible.

"Now it's no good working yourself up, George," Clarissa called from the kitchen. "The chair's gone

and that's all there is to it. I sold it to Mr. Gumson, the dealer, and I'll give you the money in the morning."

Likely, I thought. But just then the money stank of treachery.

I sulked through dinner, and didn't offer to help Rissa with the dishes, and, afterwards, wandered about, aimless and disconsolate, till she urged me into one of her decadent chairs, found my pipe and handed me the paper, then set a cushion behind my head and a stool at my feet as though already I was on the shady side of ninety-eight.

Only Noah should have been abroad the Sunday night following and I was peeking at the clock, listening to the rain and thinking it would be pleasant under the blankets when Rissa spoke from her knitting.

"Don't forget you've got Aunt Jinny's rings."

I was wide awake at once. "The chair!" I

cried, my eyeballs popping. "We've got to get the chair!"

Clarissa dropped her knitting, rose purposefully, and gave me a stinging smack across the chops. "I'm sorry," she explained, "but you were having hysterics. It's the rings I'm speaking about, dear. The rings. Not the silly old chair."

"The silly old rings are in the silly old chair," I was dancing on the hearthrug. "Don't you understand, woman? I hid them there the night we went to see 'Dusty Passion.' Get your hat and coat and goloshes."

It is always a mistake to remind Clarissa she is a woman. She said with hauteur, "Do you think I would go out in this weather?" The clock began striking then, and she added: "Besides, it's nearly midnight. Mr. Gumson wouldn't be selling chairs at this hour."

I didn't fancy facing the rain either. I suddenly remembered it was Sunday, and recalled something else. I stood with my back to the fire, smiling craftily. "There is no need to get so excited, Clarissa," I said. "Everything's under control. All we have to say is we went to the pictures, and when we came home the rings had gone."

"Say to who?" Clarissa asked. There are cracks in her English, too. "Say to the insurance people."

One look and I knew what had happened. "Now, look here, Rissa," I said, aghast. "You know very well I gave you the cash to pay the premium. You don't mean—?"

"Well, you're always telling me to be business-like," she said defensively. "It seemed stupid going on paying and paying and the rings never getting stolen, so I thought I'd

use the money and buy a few things I needed, then I wouldn't have to bother you for another cheque." She went on: "Anyway, I've just thought of Mr. Gumson's eyes. Have you ever noticed Mr. Gumson's eyes, George?"

"No, I haven't," I snapped. "Why should I?"

"Like a spaniel's. So honest," she said. "I'm sure he'll give us the rings back the moment he finds them, and you won't have to tell any wicked stories to the insurance people."

"I don't know about Gumson's eyes, but I know he didn't buy the chair to sit in," I said. "He'll sell it, and that's the last we'll see of rings or chair. It'll be a double calamity."

"That's it," Clarissa cried. "Double Calamity." The picture. It showed what dreadful things happen to people who try to diddle the insurance company."

The picture was "Double Something-else," but that was near enough for Clarissa. I said stiffly, "The premium wasn't paid, so the insurance people don't come into it. Now we'll go to bed and I won't sleep a wink, and first thing to-morrow we'll see old honest-eyes."

But Gumson's appendix has flared up in the night, and they'd carted him off to hospital, and a youth in his store explained that the chair had been re-covered and sent with some other junk to be sold by auction. The sale was to take place that morning.

"Now see what you've done," I told Clarissa as we left. "We'll have to bid for our own chair."

"But I'm not dressed for an auction," she declared. "I'll have to go home and change. You never know who you might see."

Foolishly I thought that would be all right because we had a clear couple of hours before the sale started. When at last she emerged she looked as if she'd got herself up for the Melbourne Cup, and a group of third-class characters gathered about a pile of second-hand furniture were struck into gaping dumbness as we entered the auction-room.

Please turn to page 4.

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



"It's no use standing there and saying, 'Oh dear!' I snapped at Clarissa. 'Get me a knife or something.'"

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P12

Aunt Jinny's Jewels

Continued from page 3

ON a raised platform beside the auctioneer's stand was a chair. "Oh, George, what a darling chair," Clarissa exclaimed.

I had only to look at the castors and it was as easy as recognising one's twin brother in a false moustache. It was my chair, cissy in pink chintz.

"I bid a pound," I said.

"Two pounds," Clarissa cried.

"Don't cap my bid, Rissa," I whispered. "That's just silly."

"But I want the chair, George," she said. "It's just the very thing for that odd corner. The cover matches perfectly."

The auctioneer was pleading. "A beautiful fireside chair, and all I'm offered is two miserable pounds. Surely there is someone here intelligent enough to recognise a genuine bargain. Going at two . . . going . . ."

"Three," Clarissa cried excitedly, and the hammer came down so hard that a grandfather clock that hadn't worked for years hiccupped twice.

"Sold to the beautiful lady," the auctioneer said.

"Now wasn't that sweet, George?" Clarissa beamed. "Give the gentleman the money."

It cost quite a bit more to have a carrier tear himself away from the sale and take the chair to our house immediately. Urging a protesting Clarissa from the salesroom, I said, "You wouldn't know, but you've just bought back the chair you sold to Gums."

"Really?" She looked a bit astonished, and then she smiled. "And for only three pounds! That was a bargain, wasn't it, George? Now we're both happy."

I reminded her we had bought the chair to recover the rings.

"Don't worry, George, dear," she said. "All morning I've had one of those feelings. I'm quite sure the rings are safe."

Hopefully, I thrust my hand down into the crevice of the chair. There was no sign of the little package. I poked and prodded in every cranny. I became hot and irritable.

"There's only one thing for it," I said. "We'll have to rip its insides out. If the rings are not there we've lost everything. Even the chair. We'll be properly in the soup."

"Oh, dear," Clarissa said. "It's no use standing there wringing your hands and saying, 'Oh, dear,' I snapped. 'Get a pair of scissors or a carving-knife or something and let me get at this thing's entrails.'"

"Oh, don't be horrid," Rissa said. "I told you I had one of those intuition things. If you'd only listen sometimes, George, you wouldn't always be looking on the black side. I've just remembered the night we went to see 'Passion in the Desert.' Well, you hid Aunt Jinny's rings in the old chair then, didn't you?"

"Listen, Rissa," I said, holding myself in. "You're reciting yesterday's paper. It was after we saw that fool thing, 'Dusty Passion,' that I hid the rings. Now, will you please get the carving-knife and let me put myself out of my misery?"

"But you hid the rings there after 'Passion in the Desert,'" Clarissa persisted, "and the morning after 'Passion in the Desert' you went off without telling me what you'd done with them, and I remembered where you'd put them the other time, and I said to myself if he put them in the old chair the first time and they didn't get stolen he's probably put them there again. And so I looked. And there they were!"

I wished I'd had the carving-knife. "There they were!" I repeated with bitter scorn.

"Those movie titles are so much alike I got mixed up," Clarissa explained.

"Where are they now?" I demanded. I nearly added "woman."

"Oh, I put them in a perfectly safe place," she said. "Where we could put our hands on them at a moment's notice. But it wasn't till you mentioned soup that I remembered I was having a macaroni soup to-night. They're in the kitchen in the macaroni canister."

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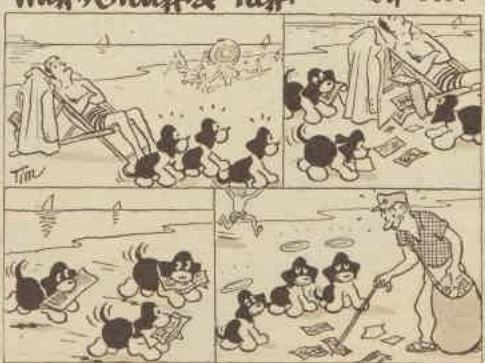
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by TIM



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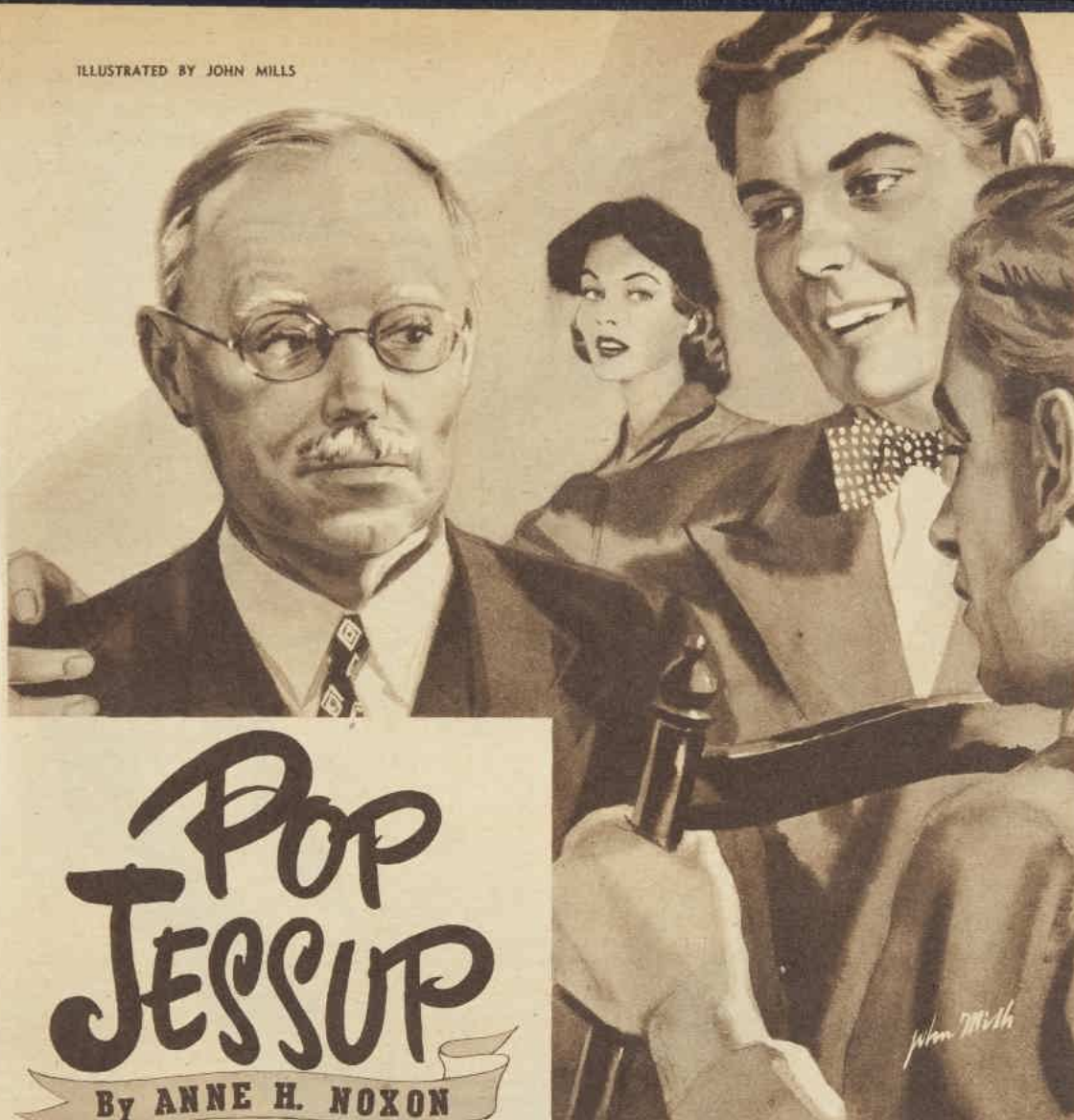
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CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

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A short story complete on this page

experience who would encourage people to buy more than they came in for."

Mrs. Eastman stood up, and Kimberley handed her her package.

"Good-bye," he said cordially. "You've done your good deed for to-day, Mrs. Eastman, and it will always be a pleasure to see you."

While he looked over some samples of tweed that a salesman had left, Kimberley's mind kept wandering from the samples, going back to that red plush rocker performance.

Why wait until to-morrow to get hold of Jessup, he reasoned. He put on his hat and marched around to Parradine's main entrance and straight inside.

Mr. Jessup was waiting on a mother and son. The mother had four shirts clutched in her left hand while she fingered a fifth.

"You've convinced me, Mr. Jessup. This is a good shirt, and so I think I'd better take it as well as the others. Will you charge and send them, please?" she said.

Another salesman, much younger than Mr. Jessup, went by. "Well," he said to the customer, "Pop won't be here much longer. He's retiring to-night."

"Why, Mr. Jessup," the woman exclaimed, "I didn't know that. I'll miss you so." And then, impulsively, she put out her hand, across the counter, across the shirts.

"Thank you for all the times you've helped us and been patient with us," she said. She didn't even look at the younger salesman.

To Kimberley, that was recommendation enough. The customer thanks him, he said to himself. After the woman had gone he walked up to Mr. Jessup, and Pop looked up and smiled.

"May I show you some shirts, sir?" he asked politely.

There was a game old boy doing his best for Parradine's right up to the last minute, Kimberley thought.

"Have a good look at me," he told Mr. Jessup. "Surely you know who I am?"

Pop looked at him hard. "Why—uh—I know who you are. You're the Mr. Kimberley who has the store, aren't you?"

"That's right. Heard you were leaving here. I'd like to get you to come to work for me. Start to-morrow, if you say the word."

Pop Jessup leaned heavily on the counter for a moment. A delighted smile spread slowly over his face.

Kimberley said, "Informal way to ask you, but I thought you'd like to get it settled, and so would I. I'll pay you as much as you get here. What do you say?"

"I say fine. I'd like it," Pop managed to reply after a moment's silence. He looked up into Mr. Kimberley's face and nodded.

"Yes," he said, "I would be very happy there with you, sir."

"Good," Kimberley said. "You come over to my office in the store to-morrow." He turned to leave.

The present of the rocker hadn't broken Pop, nor the laughter, nor the applause. But now the tears stung his eyelids. He straightened his shoulders and started to put away shirts. Then Kimberley's voice made him turn around again.

"Forgot to tell you to bring your chair with you," Kimberley called, "and we'll let Dart come over and rock in it sometimes while you sell shirts."

(Copyright)

POP JESSUP

By ANNE H. NOXON

THE little group of executives approached the men's clothing department. There was Ramsay Dart, the president, immaculately dressed, John Bainton, the credit manager, and Ben Murray, the general manager, and a sprinkling of buyers from the main floor.

They were followed by two delivery men, carrying a large rocking-chair handsomely upholstered in red plush. They headed for Pop Jessup.

Pop was sixty-five and he was retiring to-day. The group stopped in front of him and was quickly augmented by a number of curious shoppers.

Pop was busy selling shirts, but the crowd elbowed his customer aside. Pop apologised to her, but none of the executives or their entourage did.

They were intent on putting on a show, and it struck the customer, Mrs. Eastman, as she watched it, that it was a cheap spectacle.

She didn't know what she'd expected a big store to do when an employee reached retirement age—call him up to the office for a hearty handshake and a gold watch, perhaps—but not this. This was like a radio giveaway show.

Mrs. Eastman didn't know Pop Jessup personally, but he'd sold men's and boys' clothes at Parradine's to two generations of children. They remembered his face with affection; he was always on their side, and he convinced their mothers when they couldn't.

He seemed to know which shirt or

tie they wanted, and his eyes would twinkle and he'd pick that one out and say, "Now, this design will be as good next season as it is this year; it's just becoming popular. And just feel the quality," he'd say to the mother, "just feel the quality. That's from a really good mill."

Ramsay Dart was saying, "We are presenting this comfortable chair in appreciation of your many years of service and association with this store and so that you can rock in comfort for the rest of your life."

He paused, then he added whimsically, "And if you get too feeble to rock it yourself, Parradine's will install a motor in it to rock it for you."

There was general laughter and applause. Pop Jessup forced himself to grin and said, "Thanks a lot, Mr. Dart." He didn't break down—no tears, no tremors—though he thought that was what the little group expected.

It wasn't leaving Parradine's that hurt; it was just that this presentation brought it home to him forcefully that he was old.

Then handsome Mr. Dart thought of something else to say. "And if you live long enough," he said, "we'll let you trade it in on a new model in twenty years."

Again there was laughter and applause and shouts of "Fair enough! That's fair enough!" Pop Jessup's customer waited patiently until the embarrassing little scene was over.

Then she said, "I'll take those two striped ones, Mr. Jessup." And as she walked away Mrs. Eastman was

thinking that working in a department store is like being in a glass case with the merchandise. I'm glad it wasn't my father being put through that, she thought.

Mrs. Eastman had another errand. She'd promised her twelve-year-old son that she'd look at a raincoat in Kimberley's window, but since Kimberley's was the best men's store in the city she was afraid the coat would cost more than she could afford.

It was while she was looking at the coat that it occurred to her that Mr. Jessup would be very much of an asset to Kimberley's. That would show those smart talkers with the red plush rocker that Mr. Jessup wasn't really anywhere near the stage where he needed a rocking-chair.

Mr. Jessup at any age would be better than this bored young man waiting on me, she thought. While she was buying the coat she made up her mind to suggest Mr. Jessup's services to Mr. Kimberley.

On the way to Ned Kimberley's office, she stopped in front of a mirror and adjusted her hat, and she looked complacently at the Kimberley package in its handsome plaid wrapping paper. That should lend a little weight to her recommendation.

A secretary took her name, and in a moment she was in Mr. Kimberley's office and Mr. Kimberley stood up and motioned her to an armchair facing his desk.

"Mrs. Eastman?" he said.

She didn't know what to say, so

"Now you can rock in comfort for the rest of your life," Dart said, presenting the chair.

she just started in at the beginning and told him how she was in Parradine's and . . .

Kimberley leaned back and listened. Mrs. Eastman was mad, and she told the story well.

"Jessup," he said finally. "Why, I know him. He's been over there at Parradine's for years. Didn't think he was anywhere near sixty-five, though. He certainly doesn't look it."

"No, he doesn't, and that's what gave me the courage to ask you if you couldn't use him here. I was buying a coat for my son," she explained, motioning to the box at her side, "and I just looked around at those young salesmen you've got down there, and it struck me what a splendid thing it would be all round if Mr. Jessup could work over here."

She looked appealingly at Mr. Kimberley, and with genuine concern in her voice she went on: "There are plenty of good years left in him, and he has a very good following of mothers and children in this town. That performance over there made me see red."

"It certainly was a commentary on human nature and on department stores," Mr. Kimberley agreed. "Those salesmen of mine you so aptly described are 'one-at-a-time' boys. I could use someone like Jessup with years of department-store

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*Yelling hoarsely with terror,
Holt crashed on frantically,
blundering up the ridge.*

THE RED CENTRE

PETER HOLT fingered his rifle meaningfully, his eyes fastened on Martin's face. "It was pretty easy to follow you, Mr. Stewart," he said, "once we caught the camels. It was like following a ploughed furrow across the desert."

Martin reflected ruefully that Steve, walking ahead, had dug in his heels to make it easy for Dawn and himself to follow the trail. With camels it would have been an arm-chair ride.

"I suppose," Holt said, watching him, "Miss Storey is out somewhere with the guides, Steve and Bill."

Martin kept silent. He had become conscious of the fact that there was an unusual silence in the gully. Usually there were cries of picanninies and the shouts of older children playing in the water, but now all that was to be heard were the throaty noises of the camels.

It came to him that the natives had seen the arrival of the camels, and, warned by Dawn that they were unfriendly, had hidden. Holt, then, wouldn't know about the natives.

Holt was still watching him closely. At length he shrugged. "Well, it doesn't matter," he said. "We can wait. Everything has to come to the water in this country. Humans as well as animals. We'll just camp here and wait and learn things bit by bit."

He glanced at the two waterbags hanging on a sapling and the two rolls of rugs, and gave a sardonic smile. "You and Miss Storey's been setting up house together, I see. Mind having some lodgers move in?"

He was in a good humor. He had every reason to be.

"Take the stuff off here," he went on to Lenny, "then water the camels down a bit and hobble them. After that you can take your rifle and sit up on that rock over there." He pointed to the rock across the pool.

The camels had carried a good pack apart from their riders. Lenny stacked the stores and gear against a tree and led the camels off.

Holt made a gesture. "Sit down," he invited Martin, "and any questions you might like to ask I'll endeavor to answer."

Martin sat down. Lenny was going down towards where the natives had camped. It was too much to hope, however, that Dawn was prepared for such an opportunity if, indeed, she had planned anything.

She must have been surprised almost as much as he had been. She obviously had had no time to warn him, so she would be on the defensive now, not the offensive. She would have to hide and remain hidden.

Still he kept his eyes off Lenny as he led the camels away and looked at Holt.

Holt had seated himself on a box and had placed his rifle across his knees. Lenny's was leaning against the tree among the stores and gear. Holt kept glancing back the way he had come.

"I'd like you to understand I'm a good shot," he said. "You saw how I killed the camels. That takes some doing with a rifle from a plane. I don't know whether you've got any guns around, but if you have, don't think you can beat me at the game. Lenny's good, too."

Martin stirred. "Let's take it further," he suggested. "Let's try to understand what it's all about. Is it me you're after? Because of the matches?"

"That," Holt agreed, "and Miss Storey, too."

"Because she knows too much about you? Something you overlooked?"

Holt shrugged. "That, too. But it's not everything. You know what I mean."

"You've got me guessing," Martin said. "I don't."

"That's weak," Holt was frowning. "You don't expect me to believe Miss Storey hasn't told you the Professor made a rich uranium strike, do you? You're not such a fool."

So that was it. Something he had suspected himself. And she hadn't told him because a doubt still lingered in her mind about him. A reasonable doubt, he had admitted at first, but it hurt him to realize that, in spite of all they had been through together, the doubt was still there.

When she had talked about prospecting in the sandstone town she could, if her mind had been set at rest, have told him about the other.

He stared back at Holt, hoping the

a cigarette. "By the tracks," he said, "you got away with six."

Martin gave a crooked grin. "Four out of twelve isn't really good shooting."

Holt lit his cigarette and exhaled smoke. He didn't deign to reply to that. Sitting there, bearded, smoking a cigarette, and with the rifle across his knees, he looked every inch a bushman. Not a Red. Not a Communist trying to sabotage national effort. Not a pale-faced fanatic delivering subversive literature furtively in odd places.

Lenny came back whistling. Holt was quite right about him. He had no brains. It was there on his face. He would never be able to intrigue.

The tune he was whistling was catchy. You could tell by the way he whistled and the way he walked and the dreaming look in his brown eyes that he would know all the popular tunes. He would know about girls, too.

Holt said to him, "Well, get up on your perch so I can relax."

Lenny stopped whistling and grinned. He picked up his rifle carelessly, gave Martin a wink, and departed. Presently he was squatting on the rock and whistling again.

Holt laid aside his rifle, got up and went to Martin's waterbag. He took a long drink and went back to the box.

"Didn't think I'd ever take to water that way," he observed. "Stewart, were you thirsty walking across the desert?"

Martin gestured impatiently. Holt was going to start working on him, it seemed, conditioning him for a co-operative proposition. He said: "Let's skip all that. If you want to talk business, go ahead from here."

"There's plenty of time," Holt said gently. "Don't let's rush it. Time out here doesn't seem to exist, have you noticed? It's not like in the cities, where there's clocks at every

corner and you're rushing around trying to fit in too much. Let's take it in easy stages."

"As long as you understand you won't get any help from me," Martin said. "That's all that matters."

"I don't see it that way at all," Holt said in the same soft tones. "I might like you to go to work for me. I mightn't let you have any water unless you did. I might like you to take me to the Professor's find."

He added: "Frankly, I expected the Professor might have been carrying something to give me a lead there, but all I found was a gadget which I understand is sensitive to radioactivity. You could operate that?"

Martin ignored the question. He turned over on his side.

Holt continued, "But Miss Storey would know. And she would know where the Professor's find lies. Perhaps it would be as well not to discuss this any more until she returns." He stretched his arms above his head.

"There's plenty of time," he said again, placidly.

During the early part of the night, while Lenny was propped against a tree some distance away, whistling softly, Martin lay awake trying to figure out what Dawn would be doing. Although she would be temporarily safe with the natives, she was actually just as much trapped as he was.

She could decide to wander with the natives until she reached some outback station, or she might try to persuade the tribe to follow Steve's tracks, then return with the guns and surprise Holt.

He had to admit bitterly that Dawn might not give him much thought. In which case she would decide to live with the natives. They were a friendly tribe and a good type, and she would come to no harm with them.

On the other hand, the relentless she had shown on occasions towards her father's murderer might influence her actions. In which case she would try to turn the tables on Holt.

All in all, Martin wasn't able to decide what Dawn might do, and his sleep was restless.

Please turn to page 39

Too Smart to Marry

A complete short story by NORMA MANSFIELD

EVERY afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays, Mondays and sometimes Wednesdays, Livvy climbed the narrow stairs to the attic and painted for an hour.

Part of that time was spent dusting the place, and it regularly took a few minutes to collect the tools of art, but a full half hour of precious painting time remained to Livvy almost every afternoon she spent on the third floor. She was young and pretty, but the only thing that mattered to her, she often said, was her art.

"I kept house for my father," she told Evan Ward. The young man stood staring at her latest watercolor, which Livvy had placed on her mother's antiquated easel for his inspection. "I don't have much time to paint."

"It takes a great deal of time," the young man said. It was the third statement he had made since climbing the steep stairs to the attic, and in each instance, it seemed to Livvy, he had purposely evaded comment on her watercolor.

She understood his reluctance. He was an artist himself, young, but already nationally acclaimed by one or two reliable connoisseurs who had inspired speculators to pick up a few of his pictures. Within the next ten years he might even begin to make enough money from his painting to support himself.

Meantime, while he was teaching art at the university, it must embarrass him extremely to be called upon to estimate the talent of beginners, particularly when the talent he was estimating belonged to faculty offspring. Livvy was the daughter of Professor Glisson Billert, in sociology.

She wanted to help him past this awkward moment if she could. His coming up here hadn't been her idea, it had been Professor Billert's. "My mother gave up before she really got started, because she couldn't keep house and tend babies and paint, too, so I know from some of the things she said before she died that art and housekeeping don't combine."

She took a few tentative steps towards the stairway, expecting Evan Ward to follow with courteous but grateful haste. Instead, he folded his arms.

"This thing baffles me," he said. "It's badly done. It's hasty. It's pallid."

"I know," she said apologetically.

"There's a word I'm looking for. One word. Reluctant! That's it." He was triumphant. "This sketch is reluctant."

"Reluctant?" Livvy said. She had meant to be calm, to be objective, no matter what he said; she had meant to remember that her present job was to keep her two brothers and her father fed and mended, and that no male artist regardless of his critical capacities could make a just estimate of her creative work because he couldn't imagine her handicaps. No man could.

She had meant to maintain her natural humility, but the word "reluctant" affronted her. "Have you any idea," she said, "how much time and energy it takes to keep house?"

He was bewildered.

"What does that have to do with your picture? If you want to paint,

you'll paint. Probably you prefer scrubbing floors. The atavistic, nest-making impulse in a woman." His words drifted away as he applied himself again to a study of the scene Livvy had thought rather good, up to now.

Up to now, too, she had given Evan Ward no more than the brisk stare a female creature gives a male when both are young and potential.

Professor Billert, mindful that he must assume double duty towards his pretty daughter now that his wife was dead, brought home a young faculty member every week with the faithfulness of a retriever; and Livvy, recognising her father's anxiety, exhibited a courteous appreciation, but she didn't intend to marry.

Within another five years both her brothers would have finished college, freeing Livvy at last to paint. Which was all she was waiting for.

She wasn't waiting for Evan Ward, but as she turned to look at him while he studied her sketch, the north light touched his dark hair and thin face and sensitive hands and what actually looked to be frayed cuffs—in a poignant way which should have awakened the artist in Livvy. It didn't. It led her to wonder who mended his socks.

He looked up, encountering her glance. "You have talent, you know," he said.

Livvy knew she had talent. She had been told many times by many people, and she had never found it a flattering truth; it had seemed the logical consequence of having been born of a talented mother.

But now the combination of north light, Evan Ward, and a peculiar, strangling tightness in her breast not only flustered her, it robbed her of speech.

"You have talent," he said, "and you're daubing the life out of it, dragging along with stuff like this. Look at it! We have a tree, we have a brook, we have another tree, we have a patch of sky, we have grass, we have rocks, we have — What's this? A bird? Oh, no; not a bird. When you paint," Evan Ward cried, "paint what you feel, paint the scream inside of you, paint your loneliness, paint your terror—"

"I don't feel any scream inside of me," Livvy said, awed.

He tapped the watercolor. "It's here. It's submerged, it's beaten down, it's bled out; but it's here. The creative human must let nothing interfere with his search for the profoundest depth of truth contained within himself," he said solemnly. "Talented people often have many talents, but there is one, there is always one through which he can express the single unclouded truth of his being, and nothing must be allowed to interfere with that search."

Distracted, Livvy said, "I know, I know," because she couldn't bear the intensity of his north-lighted gaze, and because his words made almost no sense. Listening to his voice, she hadn't realised he was using words.

It seemed to her that he had, somehow, broken into a primeval chant to which her pulse, unexpectedly primeval, too, did a tribal dance.

"Embryonic talent is sometimes cowardly, hypersensitive, self-abasing, but the creative human must—Are you listening to me?" he said.

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

Twilight shut down, purpling the north window and leaving Evan Ward exposed as a slim, not very tall silhouette with slowly sagging shoulders and no face.

"I was giving you my best lecture," he said. "It's gone over very well everywhere." His bewilderment reached out to her, but the north light was dead, and with it had gone the man's brief fascination for Livvy, who hadn't wanted to be fascinated in the first place.

"You're hungry," she said. "Starved probably. We've been up here an hour."

His gaze during dinner frequently expressed bewilderment again, which Livvy thought only just. After all, he had bewildered her rather completely and for longer than she cared to realise, upstairs only a little while ago.

Down here in the large dining-room of the old-fashioned Billert house, the light from the wall fixtures was placidly dim and undiscerning. It revealed the polish on the floor, the sheen of old silver on the sideboard, the transparency of glass in the china closet—all sheen, gleam, sparkle, and polish by courtesy of Livvy Billert. And these evidences of her excellence as a housekeeper restored Livvy's secure knowledge of the importance of her daily tasks.

Down here, too, Evan Ward became merely another pleasant younger faculty member, somewhat more robust than he had appeared during those freakish few minutes upstairs, considerably better-looking than Livvy had realised, whose cuffs, far from being frayed, were nylon.

OBVIOUSLY the best thing to do about the attic interval was to forget it. She was glad to send him off to his lecture after dinner.

"Although I do appreciate having had this chance to meet him," she told her father later, in the living-room, where all four members of the Billert family were briefly gathered. "He says I have talent."

Professor Billert, trying to recall which tobacco he preferred in his after-dinner pipe, said he didn't think it was quite fair for a girl as pretty as Livvy to have talent, too, but Evan Ward was a competent judge.

Livvy's brothers contributed opinions. Harry, a senior at the University, said Ward might be competent, but he wasn't original; everybody knew Livvy could paint. He returned to his newspaper. Bruno, a recent recruit to the football team, reminded Livvy she'd promised to sketch him in his shoulder pads. He said he was a little overweight, and he took Ward's statement as an omen that Livvy should ease off on the pies and bear down on the paint for the next few months.

Livvy said nothing more. She had protected her family from recognising the sacrifice she was making for them and it brought her a melancholy satisfaction to have them accept Evan Ward's accolade as a matter of course.

She supposed she should slip up to the attic for an hour or two this evening to review in solitude the wisdom Evan had poured out in gratuitous abundance earlier, but it wasn't often Bruno and Harry were home together of an evening and Livvy

wanted them to observe how pleasant an evening at home could be.

"I suppose Evan wanted you to enter a picture in the Centre Galleries Exhibit?" the professor drew contentedly on his pipe.

"You're wearing a new suit," Livvy said.

Professor Billert looked younger to his daughter every year, and it was only recently she had discovered this was because she herself was growing up.

He was tall and his hairline was receding, but this enhanced rather than modified his scholarly appearance, which was so pronounced it impelled a few students to register in his courses every quarter in the belief that osmosis would be inevitable. He was attractive, a fact Livvy tried to minimise because in some peculiar and furtive way it made her uneasy.

"Yes," her father said. "Grace helped me select it."

Grace Behelt was a family friend whose husband had died almost simultaneously with Professor Billert's wife, and this coincidence had brought the two together in a gratifying companionship which Livvy totally approved. They were both sensible people who, Livvy thought, understood passion should be passive at forty-five.

"It's a very becoming suit," Livvy said.

"I'm glad you think so," Professor Billert said. "I've asked Grace to marry me so I can begin training her to select my ties, too."

"I was beginning to think you'd never get around to it," Harry said, and Bruno indicated the evening still hadn't turned up any surprises for him. "How about some ping-pong, Bru?" Harry said, which left Livvy facing her father across the fireplace, abandoned to her own dismay.

"You must have known this was coming, Livvy," her father said. "It isn't a hasty decision. I've been feeling for some time that we three men were hiding your light under the bushel of our comfort."

He held up a mild hand to compel her silence. "Grace has been particularly concerned. She's devoted to all of us and she feels that your unselfish nature has driven you to do your duty at the expense of your art."

"Grace doesn't know anything about it," Livvy said. She was shaking.

"Grace is a woman," the professor said. "She understands in a way I never could what pressure it takes to extricate a woman from her sense of

obligation to household chores. Ward is a competent judge of ability. What he said to-day makes us realise—"

Livvy rose.

"I loathe Evan Ward," she said. "I hope I never see him again." She recalled her manners. "I trust you and Grace will be very happy."

By morning Livvy realised her father was doing this thing as much for her as for himself. In his bungling, man's way he had jeopardised the neat balance of the Billert household Livvy had spent three years since her mother's death to achieve, but he had meant well, and she was warmly appreciative of that.

However, it wasn't fair to Grace Behelt to bring her, a bride, into this enormous old house, with its square yards of wainscoting and hallways and inconveniences, to take care of three untidy men whom Livvy had rightfully inherited. She herself—Livvy—had no right to complain, but Grace—

It was Evan Ward who rang the doorbell. Livvy, interrupted while cleaning the grate, was smudged, but when she saw who was calling she was glad of it. He had no business appearing at ten o'clock in the morning. Since he was here, it would enlighten him concerning Livvy's inescapable chores to find her in the midst of them.

"Come in," she said.

In the clear light of the mid-morning, hatless, wearing an engaging smile, Evan Ward looked disarmingly average. He had a sizeable cardboard folder under his arm, and he might have passed for an alert salesman. Livvy began to feel inexcusably unkempt in spite of her antipathy, and when she had motioned him to a chair with determined cordiality she returned to her knees and to her chore at the hearth.

"Here," he said, "let me do that."

Shocked, Livvy said, "No, please," but her deft way with cinders fascinated her and awakened a reluctant admiration.

"Let's go up to the attic," he said when he'd finished. "I've brought some things I want you to see."

"It's my morning to dust venetian blinds."

He looked about him appraisingly at the room's big windows and extensive blinds. His thoughtful glance returned to Livvy.

"I suppose there's always housework to be done?"

"Yes," she said, "there is."

"In that case, we'll go upstairs, since my time is limited and the housework isn't."

Please turn to page 30

ILLUSTRATED BY GREEN



"This thing baffles
me. There's a word
to describe it, but
I can't think of it,"
Evan told Livvy.





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**THE FINEST YET
IN FLANNELETTE**



Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 47

April 23, 1952

THIS DAY IS FOR HEROES

IN a grey dawn 37 years ago this nation came of age. It happened on a beach at Gallipoli.

Australia had been officially a nation since Federation, but that Anzac stand was of a country grown to manhood.

As they have marched every year, the Anzacs will march this week in the cities of the Commonwealth. With them will be the sons and grandsons who perpetuated that manly birthday.

No one can fail to respond to the brave medals, the standards proclaiming gallant records, the conscious pride lifting those grey heads into a youth as challenging as that of the sons swinging along with them.

The daughter whose father fell in action, the wife whose husband came back broken, the mother whose son's grave was never found, the girl whose sweetheart is in Korea will think of the horrors of war rather than of its victories. But they will not speak of it much.

Soldiers choose on this day to remember only the good of the war years. To hear them tell it, Flanders was a comic interlude, Kokoda a picnic, Greece a lark.

They should have it as they want it, for Anzac Day belongs to them.

Young and old, rich and poor, maimed and crippled, living and dead, they are the Anzac breed of whom John Masefield wrote:

"... for there was no thought of surrender in those marvellous young men; they were the flower of this world's manhood, and died as they had lived, owning no master on this earth."

OUR COUNTRY

... is a charming study of Queen Elizabeth, whose 26th birthday falls on April 21. She is carrying a bouquet of her favorite yellow carnations and rosebuds. This picture was one of the last taken before the King's death. Court mourning will end on May 31.

This week:

● In Britain this month Professor Lancelot Hogben, addressing the British Interplanetary Society, suggested that if intelligent beings lived on Mars it might be possible to play chess with them through a dot-dash system. Our staff reporters have been learning a good deal about Mars through members of astronomical societies (see pages 12 and 13). On May 9 Mars will be nearer to the earth than for many years, and amateur astronomers will be busy with their telescopes. Our representatives were disappointed to find that none of the local planet-gazers take seriously the possibility of human life on Mars. They would commit themselves no farther than lichens.

● De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd., whose mines near Kimberley, South Africa, are the subject of color pictures on pages 16 and 17, recently revealed an all-time record profit of nearly £13 million sterling. A London financial writer points out that fear is behind this boom in diamonds. In unsettled times people hoard diamonds and nations hoard industrial stones for arms production.

● Last instalment of Frank Nunn's serial "The Red Centre" appears in this issue. Nunn chose his title from the setting of his book. It happens to be the title also of a book by H. H. Finlayson, Hon. Curator of Mammals at the South Australian Museum, first published in 1935 and soon to be republished by Angus and Robertson. Mr. Finlayson's book is a popular and scientific work on the geographical features, natives, and animals of south-western Central Australia and has become a standard reference book.

Next week:

● Fifteen hundred of the 2500 residents of Cygnet, in the Huon Valley, Tasmania, were actively engaged in organising the first Apple Festival. In next week's paper are color pictures showing scenes from the two-day festival which attracted 15,000 visitors.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

DEBORAH

THE SPELL

FROM time to time there appears a novel possessed of certain qualities of heart that mark it clearly as what is known as "a woman's novel."

Such is Marian Castle's "Deborah," a story which, in tracing the career of one woman from girlhood to grandmotherhood, spans more than half a century of American life.

The course of Deborah's whole existence is changed when a young visiting university professor laughs at her because she confuses Henry James, the author, and William James, the philosopher, with Jesse James and Frank James, the notorious bank robbers.

The obsession Deborah develops for education takes her to a university, to a snobbish small town as the wife of its school superintendent, and later to marriage with its wealthiest man.

She is desperately anxious that her children should have the advantages she fought so hard to get for herself, but they rebel, and she loses them one by one.

It is not until Deborah is an old woman, back on the

farm where she started, that she, through her granddaughter Linda, recaptures the sense of values that she sacrificed for worldly position.

Miss Castle, who resists the temptation to whitewash Deborah during her less likeable period of affluence, has written an honest and touching book.

IN "The Spell," Gustav Breuer presents a love story with a difference. Set in an Austrian mountain village, it combines the dramatic action and suspense of a Nazi spy hunt with vivid descriptive passages and some very

smooth and worldly dialogue.

Because she feels herself alien to the luxurious household of her refugee mother-in-law in New York, Leni, the young widow Baroness von Wertheimstein, returns with her small son to her native village of Altdorf.

The secret beating-up of an old man is the first indication she has that all is not well in Austria.

Then she meets and marries Conrad Brandt, the charming and attractive ski instructor who has made such a success of running an American Army rest-camp up in the mountains.

Under the spell of his vivid personality her fears are at first lulled. Then, almost imperceptibly at first, the tension begins to mount.

The net so patiently cast by Allied Military Intelligence begins to close, and Leni finds herself forced to choose between her country and the man she loves.

The book ends on a note of spine-chilling drama.

"Deborah" and "The Spell" are published by Shakespeare Head, Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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reagh Street, Sydney. Let-
ters: Box 409WW, G.P.O.
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D/52



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DN51-7

SIGHTS SET FOR MARS



Amateur stargazers use home-made telescopes

By BETTY BEST,
staff reporter

TELESCOPE in the backyard observatory of Mr. C. J. Tenuke's home at Willoughby, N.S.W. Here Mr. Tenuke checks the instrument.

Night after night next month a small band of inquiring men and women will stay up till all hours scanning the skies through backyard telescopes in the hope of gleaning more information about the planet Mars.

THEY will be especially vigilant on the evening of May 9. Mars will then be nearer the earth than it has been for years—a mere 51,000,000 miles away.

From suburban backyards, country outposts, and vantage points in the mountains these amateur astronomers usually work at their eye-pieces long into the night.

They have daytime jobs in many different walks of life.

Hard-working, methodical observers, they photograph, draw, and record all the changes they see in the sky in the hope of adding to the world's scientific knowledge.

As a result, the Australian section of the British Astronomical Association, which has been in existence since 1894, has contributed a great deal of valuable information to the parent body.

Mr. C. J. Tenuke, leader of the planetary section in the N.S.W. branch of the Association, explained that he has

to limit his star-gazing to the week-ends.

"I should be asleep at my desk if I did too much observing during the week," he said.

"We amateur astronomers can do a lot of work and solve many of the puzzles of the universe which professional astronomers just haven't got the time for."

Mr. Tenuke has built an observatory in the Sydney suburb of Willoughby, where he has mounted the telescope used by the late Australian astronomer W. F. Gale.

"I am proud to have this instrument," he said.

"The lens was made by George Calver, who was as great a man in optics as Rubens was in art."

"The making of a lens is a most delicate task. If you touch it or smoke a cigarette anywhere near it during its making, the surface can be spoilt."

"My 18-inch lens, which was made 50 years ago, collects more light than the official one at the Sydney Observatory, which is 11½ inches," he added.

Astronomers have no truck with comic-strip stories of a race of human monsters who inhabit Mars.

Even stories of apparently man-made canals which were thought to criss-cross the surface of the planet have now been discredited.

Scientists say there would not be enough oxygen in the air to support plant life, let alone animal life.

But this latest outlook does not discourage astronomers, who are keen to solve the mysteries of the greenish-blue spots (or "Marias") which grow and diminish with the seasons on Mars.

"The latest belief points to the existence of a very primitive plant life like our lichens,"



S.A. ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY members Roy Hercombe, Charles Westcott, and Ron Marcus watch fellow member Max Costelloe "take a lunar" through the telescope in the garden at his home. At right: Mrs. R. W. Urquhart holds the ladder and three-year-old Allan Urquhart plays unconcernedly while Mr. Urquhart prepares for a night's watch.



Next month, with Mars close to earth, backyard astronomers hope to solve some of its mysteries.

said Mr. Tenueast. "These might be able to live on the moisture in the atmosphere."

"When Mars gets really close we may come nearer to solving the puzzle."

"If not, it will be even nearer in 1954, and we shall keep trying," he added.

Mr. R. W. Urquhart, of Edgecliff, N.S.W., has been a member of the Association for 18 months. He is a telephone technician by day.

Mr. Urquhart keeps his home-made telescope in a cupboard in the basement of his home.

"It took me 18 months to build," he said, "and I did every bit of it by hand."

"On top of that I never stop making adjustments to improve it."

Mr. Urquhart's wife and three-year-old son, Allan, stood by while he wheeled the telescope into the garden.

"No dust, heat, or even a drop of rain must touch the precious instrument," explained Mrs. Urquhart.

"When it was first set up the neighbors thought we had some sort of a secret weapon."

"But they're used to it now and often come in to have a peep."

Mrs. Urquhart did not wholly subscribe to the idea that astronomy makes people oblivious to the practical things of life.

"I've learned to give three calls for meals. If my husband doesn't come then, I give up," she said.

Not far from the Urquharts, in Bellevue Hill, live Dr. D. C. Trainor and his wife, who have built themselves two telescopes, which are set up in the back garden.

Dr. Trainor became interested in astronomy during the war, when he studied navigation in the R.A.A.F.

"I was fascinated by the enormous field of investigation at the disposal of astronomers and decided to study it myself as soon as I got the opportunity," he said.

"My wife helps me."

"You see, she can draw things straight—and that's an essential when you're trying to keep records."

"She helped me to build the two telescopes, too—one with a short focus to cover a big area of sky, for comparing separate stars, and one with a much longer focus, which gives more detail."

"We often spend hours out here and just don't notice the time passing."

"I used to spend quite a bit of time on stellar photography, but it's terribly hard to get the equipment and supplies these days, and very expensive, too, so I keep my camera for simpler things like snaps of our five-year-old, Jennifer," added Dr. Trainor.

Mrs. Trainor said that Jennifer shocked a baby-sitter who came to look after her two years ago.

"That's not a star," corrected Jennifer. "That's Jupiter."

An astronomer at Newcastle, N.S.W., is fervently hoping that a southerly will be blowing when Mars approaches.

He is Mr. Mark Howarth, who established Grange Mount Observatory at his home 20 years ago.

The knoll from which he will train his telescope on the passage of Mars overlooks the steel plants, less than a mile north, on the outskirts of industrial Newcastle.

In his nightly observance of the heavens, Mr. Howarth has learnt to regard recurring nor'easters as his greatest obstacle, because they blow smoke from the steelworks in his direction.

Ironically, until his retirement last year, Mr. Howarth was one of Newcastle's leading industrialists.

Mr. Howarth, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, has been engaged in a study of variable stars.

Monthly reports of his observations are sent to Harvard Observatory, U.S.A., where they are collated. Harvard in return distributes to individual astronomers statements of the discoveries made by others.

Mr. Howarth will use a 4½-in. Cooke telescope to photograph Mars.

Another amateur astronomer, Dr. Allan Way, a Newcastle dentist, will have a small group of enthusiasts working with him on the big night.

Our Melbourne staff report that one of the Victorian backyard sky-scanners on May 9 will be accountant Victor Terrell, of Armadale.

Mr. Terrell "knocked together" his 12-inch reflector during winter evenings last

year, helped by his daughter, Betty.

Betty, who is an industrial chemist, handled the ticklish job of silvering the mirror.

Father and daughter became astronomy fans four years ago when they attended a lecture arranged by the Adult Education Board in conjunction with the Astronomical Society of Victoria.

The society was founded in 1922 and has 250 members.

Leader of the telescope-makers' section of the 55-year-old South Australian Astronomical Society is Mr. Charles Westcott.

"The more you know about the well-ordered pattern of the course of the stars the more you want to know," Mr. Westcott told one of our staff reporters, explaining the fascination of astronomy.

The South Australian Astronomical Society has some 80 members, about half of whom own telescopes. At least a dozen of them have "rolled their own."

Members include schoolboys and scientists. Only one, Dr. D. H. Schulz, is a professional optician.

The president is Professor Sir Kerr Grant, former Professor of Physics at Adelaide University.

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FATHER-AND-DAUGHTER TEAM. Victorian accountant Victor Terrell and his daughter, Betty, at work in the back garden of their Armadale home. Mr. Terrell made the telescope last year.

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PERTH: 69 St. George's Terrace N 3966
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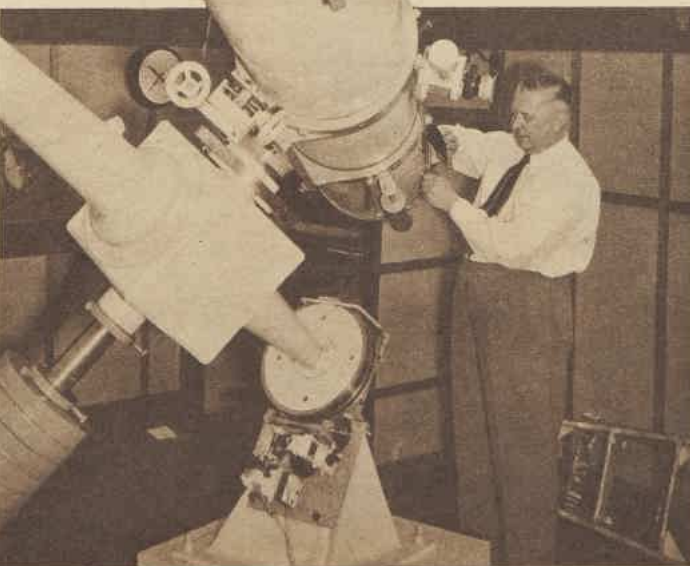
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can so ease her work
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Australian won fame with study of King

Portrait is favorite with Royal Family

Although Australian artist Henry Rayner worked in England for years, it was his drypoint engraving of King George VI and the Royal Family's enthusiasm for his work that brought him fame.

The drypoint of the late King hangs in Windsor Castle.

IN etching, lines are bitten by a chemical in a metal plate from which proofs—or etchings—are taken. Drypoint is scratching with an etching needle direct on the metal plate.

"The drawing has to come off the tip of the needle perfect the first time," Henry Rayner told me. "You create a line drawing, and if you go back or fumble, it loses its freshness and its art."

"For the portrait of the King I worked from quick sketches I made from occasional glimpses of him."

"I felt I caught the expression of the King and the spirit of the man," he added.

The earliest proofs of the drypoint were acquired by Queen Mary in 1939, but nearly 50 proofs of varying quality were made altogether.

Subsequently the Queen Mother bought two proofs of the portrait. She bought a third proof just a few days before the King died.

Others hang in the British Museum, in the National Art Gallery, Melbourne, and in New Zealand and Canada.

Henry Rayner often sold his work cheaply.

"Sometimes I would give my work away to people who appreciated art," he said.

"At others I would drive a hard bargain with an acquisitive person who had no feeling for my work."

Queen Mary "discovered" Rayner at his first one-man exhibition at the Wertheim Galleries. But in that week was broke out.

Only five drypoints were sold then, but Rayner was apprised of the Queen's in-

terest and her regret that his exhibition should have been one of the first war casualties.

Henry Rayner remained in London through the blitz. "I felt I could capture incidents of the bombing with my quick style that would be an historical record," he said.

His fair, good-looking Italian wife, Teresa, told me that nothing would induce him to leave London.

"Not even when a land mine fell near our home would he leave," she said. "He was suffering severely from shock, but he stayed on."

As a result, Mr. Rayner sustained chest trouble. Later he fell and broke his left arm—and he is left-handed.

Henry Rayner's life might have been a tragedy. Instead, it is a triumph of courage over poverty and ill-health.

He was born at Auburn, Victoria, 49 years ago. His mother

By ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

came of a New Zealand family of Welsh stock, but was born in Melbourne.

Henry Rayner's mother was widowed when he was young.

"My mother is a wonderful person," the artist told me. "She struggled to give me an education. When others failed me and poverty and illness nearly overwhelmed me, she supported me with love and loyalty and material help."

In Australia Rayner worked in the bush as a mechanic and jeweller. With his earnings he paid for painting and drawing lessons. At one time he studied under Frank Nuttall. Just before he left Mel-



DRYPOINT PORTRAIT of King George VI made by Henry Rayner just before World War II. The portrait is a favorite with Queen Mary and the Queen Mother.

bourne for England in 1924 his mother married a Melbourne lawyer, Hal Gillard, who has since died.

In London at the Royal Academy Art School Rayner met Walter Sickert, then an established painter.

They became friends and Rayner left the Academy, attending Sickert's house for lessons.

In spite of the important place he has etched for himself in Britain, Rayner lives modestly at Hampstead and works unobtrusively.

Frances, aged 16, the elder of his two daughters, is studying art.

Rayner works at home and rarely asks for a special sitting. "I like to watch people as they move about or talk, catching their expression with lightning sketches," he said.

"I went to several of Bernard Shaw's meetings before I got the sketches for the drypoint the Oldham Committee bought for their art gallery."

"I met T. E. Lawrence at Victoria Station. He was like a will-o'-the-wisp," he added.

One of Rayner's ballet



RAYNER STUDY of famous artist Walter Sickert captures the subject's wit and power. Sickert was Rayner's teacher, patron, and friend.

pieces, "Les Sylphides," is in the Royal Collection.

Another was bought by Einstein, probably for his daughter, who is a dancer.

The drypoint of the Queen when she was Princess Elizabeth, standing with Princess Margaret in crinolines at the end of a private performance of "1890 Ballet," in which they took part, is another Royal Collection piece.

The Queen Mother also has Rayner portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, and Princess Margaret.

It is sometimes disturbing to Henry Rayner that his own country knows little of him.

"Not once have Australian art circles invited me to show my work," he said.

Even when Walter Sickert made the request, Australia House, London, refused to allow Rayner an exhibition.

Yet at that time Wilson Steer was speaking of him as "the best living draughtsman." Critic Eric Newton said that his works had "strength, economy of means, and a delightful humanity."

Rayner would like some day to return to Australia "to drench my soul in the bush and find again beloved places by the golden beaches."

"I would like to have an exhibition and teach," he said.

"Australia is famous for its black-and-white artists. There is much hidden talent there."



"LES SYLPHIDES No. 3," by Henry Rayner, is in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle. Drypoint is a splendid medium for catching the movement of ballet, and ballet scenes are among Rayner's most pleasing work. His scenes of blitzed London are equally famous.



SELF-PORTRAIT of the artist. Rayner is left-handed. Although famous abroad, he is almost unknown in Australia.

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Money-back guarantee. If, after using Air-wick according to instructions, you are not satisfied, return the partly used bottle and you will be reimbursed.

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Kimberley diamond mines



Source of world's most glamorous gem

● These pictures of diamond mining were taken by Mr. and Mrs. Leo Lyons at the De Beers mines at Kimberley, in South Africa, 300 miles from Johannesburg. De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd. was founded in 1888 by Cecil Rhodes.

The rough stones shown at left are worth about £20,000.



THE BIG HOLE (left), the famous Kimberley mine which has been abandoned. It reached a depth of 3601 feet.

TRAINER Mr. G. Mandy with one of his Aisian watchdogs which attack intruders and guard the mines at night.



NATIVE MINERS AT EASE in their compound, which connects by a tunnel with the underground workings. They sign four-months' contracts, and during that period they leave the compound only to work. Amenities provided include shops, a club-room, swimming-pool, tennis court, and open-air movies. Trades and languages are taught free.

DIAMOND, the crystalline form of pure carbon, is the hardest of all minerals. It is not the rarest gem, but is probably the most popular.

Actually, only about 20 per cent. of the world's production of diamonds are used as gems. The remainder are used industrially.

Diamonds are normally colorless, but they may be tinged with other colors. Cutting and polishing reveal their latent fire.

They are of volcanic origin and occur in a soft rock called "blue ground" or kimberlite.

Very rich deposits are rare. The African continent produces 97 per cent. of the world's yield.

Diamond mines are large-scale enterprises, requiring a great deal of equipment and close technical control.

In South African mines the average yield is one part of diamond from every 35,000,000 parts of kimberlite hoisted.

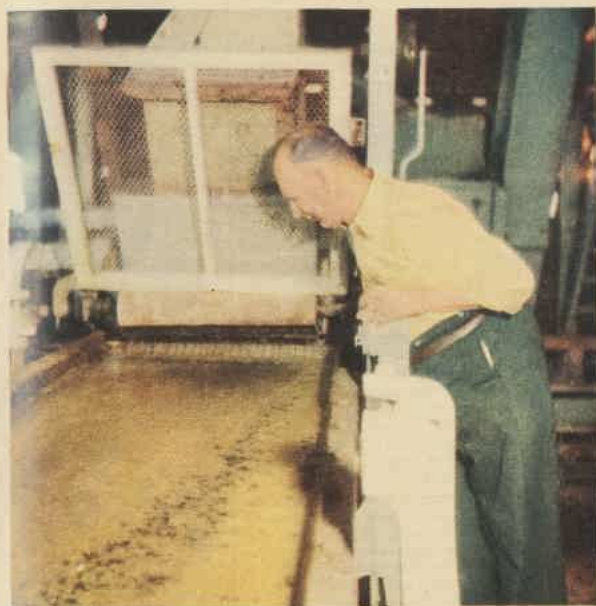
The diamonds lose about one-half to two-thirds of their weight during cutting.

The daily yield of the De Beers mines at Kimberley is about 1lb. of diamonds. Approximately 60 per cent. of them are of industrial grades.

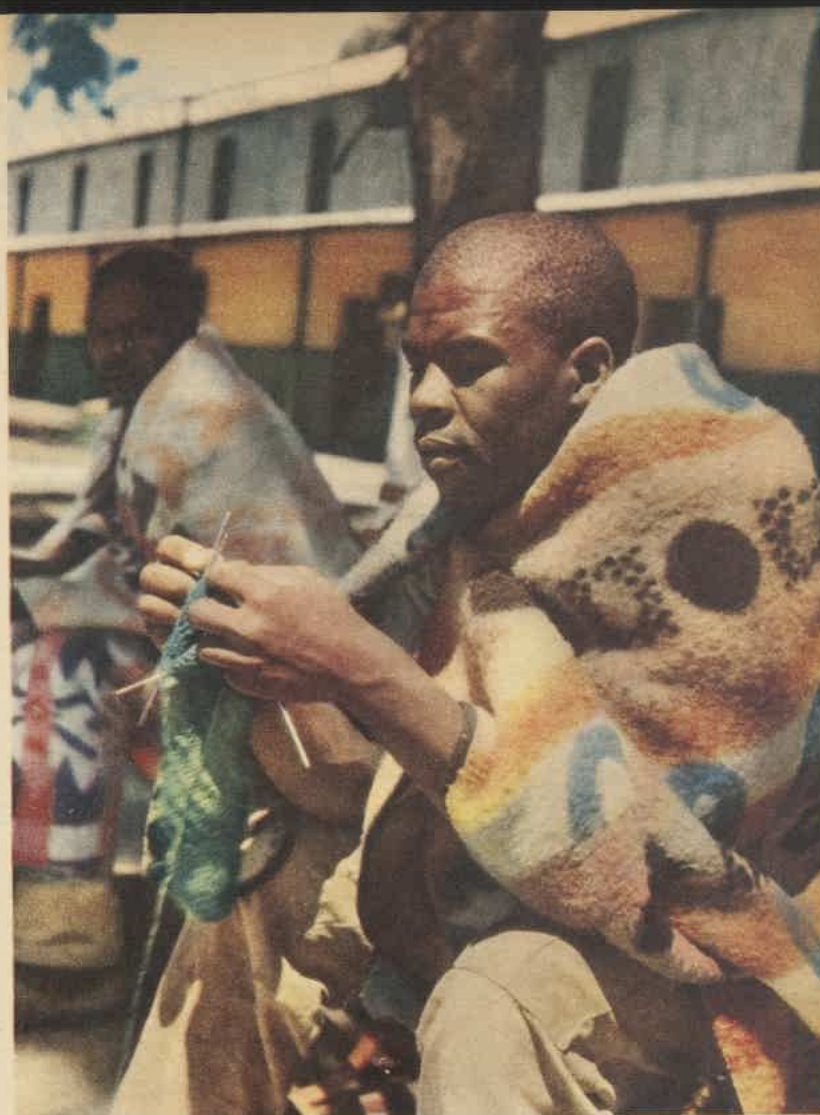
The company's famous Kimberley mine The Big Hole, described as the greatest excavation in the world, has been abandoned.

During the mine's life 25,000,000 tons of ore were removed.

The area at the top is 38 acres. The perimeter measures a mile.



"GREASE TABLE," over which the concentrate from the washery is carried by a stream of water. Diamonds adhere to the oily surface, while other minerals pass on. Only selected employees are admitted to this section.



NATIVE MINER wears a blanket to keep out the heat as he knits outside his quarters. Knitting is quite a popular pastime with the natives. The mines employ both Europeans and Africans, but principally Africans. They are X-rayed when leaving for home to make sure they have not secreted any diamonds.



MULE AND MULETEER (above). Formerly used for all transport, mules have been largely replaced by mechanised haulage to move an annual ore yield averaging 3,000,000 tons.

DISCARD from the diamondiferous ore is carried up by zig-zag conveyor belts housed in the equipment shown at right to a loading station. Storage dam is in the foreground.



For the skin that doesn't like heavy foundation

Flattering, natural looking loveliness for the skin that doesn't like a "made-up" look! This lighter, greaseless foundation makes powder go on smoothly—cling hours longer!

A sheerer powder base

—soft, natural! No oily, "coated" feel—it's greaseless!

Now—for delicate skin that looks most charming when it looks most natural—this greaseless powder base! Sheer and silken-smooth on your skin, it takes make-up flawlessly. Leaves no oily shine. No heavy "cakey" feeling. Before powder, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly. It disappears immediately, leaving only a skin tone. See how smoothly your powder goes on—how beautifully it stays!



A Glamour Mask before make-up

"Re-styles" your face in 1 Minute!

Always when you want to look your most attractive self, have a quick beauty pick-up with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Spread the Cream lavishly over face, except eyes. After one minute, tissue off clean. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn dirt and dead skin flakes. Dissolves them off! Right away, your face looks freshened—clearer, brighter! And thrillingly soft to touch—perfect for make-up!



The Duchess of Sutherland, titled English beauty, says: "I've never tried any beauty treatment that smooths and wakes up my complexion so quickly—and so beautifully!—as the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream."

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MAKE SURE
THE LABEL SAYS
MEADOW-LEAF!

Worth Reporting

THE Queen is being very firm about the upbringing of Prince Charles and Princess Anne. She is determined that they shall be treated like any other children until they are old enough to understand their rank.

The staff at Clarence House has been told to call the children by their Christian names until they are seven years of age. The Royal children are to call all the servants by their first names.

Ceremony is kept to a minimum. Servants curtsy to the Queen when they meet her first thing in the morning, but meeting her again later in the day they return her smile or greeting with a smile.

The Queen Mother, who is looking well, is resuming some of her activities. A few days ago she sat again for her portrait by Frank Salisbury, who originally began work on it a few weeks before Christmas. The portrait will be part of a larger canvas showing the consecration of the American Roll of Honor at St. Paul's Cathedral last year.

Palace circles expect that she will revive a practice of the years before she became Queen and take an early summer holiday in Scotland visiting relatives.

Queen Mary, who has a nurse in permanent attendance now, often sees her great-grandchildren when they are in London. By her request their visits to her are frequent but never very long ones.

"I'm just a bad-tempered old woman," she said recently.

The other day she said to a friend: "I think I'll have a word with my granddaughter Elizabeth."

"But, Madam," said the friend jokingly. "Surely you'll have to ask for an audience."

"Not at all," was the reply. "You see, I want to tell her how to run a Court."

Opera gets off the bookshelf

IT'S old-fashioned to think that all you can get from a lending library is a book. Sydney has one stocked with microgroove records.

Believing hers to be the first venture of its kind in Australia, Elzhanor Reynolds, from Washington, D.C., started the library with about 100 records of popular classics. She has been deluged with potential members during the first month.

"The only trouble is finding enough opera records," Miss Reynolds said.

"Australians are so mad about opera that I've had to place a special order with an opera-recording company in Italy to double my stock."

Members are charged an annual subscription of £1/1/- and a deposit of £2/10/-, which allows them to take out three records at a time. A daily rental of 2/6 is charged for the first three days, and, after that, 1/- a day.

Miss Reynolds said that to date most subscribers appeared to be in their 20's.

TWENTY-FIVE cats and their owners greeted Australian author Catherine Gaskin at her Stockholm hotel when she recently made a two-day visit from London to see her Swedish publisher. Knowing Catherine's devotion to cats, he had appealed to cat owners to lend her one to keep her company during her stay in Stockholm.

Royal car at Motor Show

THE perspex-hooded, air-conditioned car which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were to have used during their Australian tour will be displayed at the International Motor Show at the Exhibition Buildings, Melbourne, from April 23 to May 3.

It is a beige-upholstered, cabriolet-type black Humber with a specially built perspex hood, which would have enabled the Royal couple to see and be seen in all weathers.

The car is centrally heated and has a radio telephone and long and short wave radio.

Covering six acres of floor space, this year's Motor Show is the biggest since pre-war days.

Bands playing lively music, a restaurant, a theatre showing road safety, as well as car construction and maintenance films, and displays of atomic energy and inner workings of jet engines will be features of the million-pound collection of glamor and utility cars, trucks, caravans, tools, and spare parts.

THE full, rich life department: Two girls who were unable to get into a Gieseking concert paused disconsolately outside. Then, brightening, one girl turned to the other. "I tell you what," she said, "if we hurry we'd just about have time to go to the circus."

European dancer at home

THE Borovansky Ballet Company's newest male member, Danish-born Poul Gnatt (pronounced Ger-natt), thinks ballet in Australia has reached a most interesting point of development.

"That a European dancer can at once feel at home in one of your companies is surely a sign that Australian ballet has already come of age," he said.

Before Poul Gnatt came to Australia he was dancing with the Ballet Russe in England. He is a product of the Royal Danish Ballet Company, whose school he entered when he was six.

One of the things he finds pleasant about dancing in Australia is the warmth of audiences.

"There are no curtain calls in Denmark," he said. "Our dancers are left without the wonderful support and confidence Australian audiences give by their applause at the end of a performance."

Gnatt said that the Denmark Ballet had no dancer of the quality of Australian Kathleen Gorham.

"Our dancers are inclined to regard themselves as dukes and duchesses, and are less hard working and disciplined than Australian dancers," he added.

Gnatt, who has a 40-weeks contract with the Borovansky Company, brought his wife and four-months-old son here with him and would like to work with Australian ballet for some years.

Self service failed in Paris

THE Paris Bureau of an American newspaper sends this as the explanation for the failure of serve-yourself supermarkets to catch on in Paris: "As with eating, in France, shopping for food is a ritual and a social experience combined."



Take this in your write hand...
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A Biro PRODUCT



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REFILLS
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Don't let these eyes



become these...

Smarting • Bloodshot Whites • Styes
Red Rims • Watery • Crusted Lashes

Take care of your precious eyes. Refresh them, protect them, by bathing them regularly with Optrex Eye Lotion.

Eye Bath free with each bottle.

Optrex
the EYE LOTION
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FOOT ITCH HELPED 1st DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. At last! It is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Discovery called Nisaderm. Nisaderm stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nisaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch or money back.

As a Mother...

You know your family must wear wool for winter protection

You know the **quality** of wool—the fine fibres that knit so closely together in tiny warmth-holding cells that make the softest, warmest fabric nature and man have devised.

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Page 19



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LOMBIA is a colour woven rayon, which gives you wonderful depth and subtlety of colour in checked and striped styles. It is beautifully washable, marked TEBLIZED for tested crease-resistance and TOOTAL guaranteed just like TOBRALCO and LYSTAV.

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★ If your heart is still set on a print or a plain colour there are lovely printed designs and plain dyes in TOBRALCO and LYSTAV.

LOMBIA

A TOOTAL GUARANTEED FABRIC

WEDDING BELLES by Cashmere Bouquet



It was a floral wedding when Betty Nicholls married Norman Place. Roses patterned her lace frills, and hyacinths, stocks, camellias and orchids made her fragrant bouquet. And of course Betty relied on Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder to keep her complexion flower-fresh. She finds that no other face powder clings with the same smoothness as silk-oiled, exquisitely fine Cashmere Bouquet! And the Sogold shade is delightful with her warm colouring.



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EASTER RACE BONNETS



TAILORED. Male plumage in the bird world is always the brightest, but at the Easter Meeting at Randwick women had all the fine feathers. Secretary of the Australian Jockey Club, Bill Parry Okeden, settled for an unobtrusive grey felt.



TANTALISING. Fair-haired Sue Playfair wore a delicious confection of clotted-cream-colored astrak trimmings with a feather "tail." It is a Maud et Nano model, which Sue bought in Paris last year. Her tailored suit was of navy wool.



PARADISE-TRIMMED. Mrs. W. S. McDermott's brown velvet chapeau had a spectacular trimming of a complete bird of paradise clinging to the brim, its scarlet-colored tails shooting into the air. Her frock was of caramel wool.



POULTRY-TRIMMED. Mr. W. H. Mackay, of "Tinagroo," Scone, wore a brown hat, too, but he favored the more orthodox trimming of a few gay feathers tucked discreetly into the band. No elegant grey toppers were seen.



DANDY. Mr. Frank Underwood, a director of the Sydney Turf Club, was Churchillian in his soot-black bowler.



DAINTY. Mrs. Katie Galbraith wore a black veil-trimmed bowler with antennae feathers in scarlet and black.



PEARL ONE. Mr. Greg Keighery, aged 83, sported a dashing pearl tie-pin, but his hat was a subdued grey.



KNIT ONE. Black knitting needles pierced Mrs. Bruce Minell's white fur felt, which had a "Greta Garbo" brim.



STITCHED. Ninety-three-year-old Mr. W. W. Thompson shaded his eyes with a stitched model of linen.



STUDDIED. Youthful Shirley Waldron's coral velvet bonnet was studded with beads, crystals, and diamonds.



CULINARY. Fred Passmore, who has carved luncheons at Randwick for 57 years, was at home in his chef's cap.



COQUETTISH. Mrs. Phillip Brossen peeped from beneath polar-blue ostrich feathers on a hat she bought in Paris.



EARLY ARRIVALS. Janet Rowland Smith and her fiance, Harold Bishop, of "Bando," Gunnedah, arrive at Randwick on Sydney Cup Day. Janet wore a white hat of hatter's plush with her grey frock and scarlet wool coat.



FAMILY GROUP. A.J.C. committee member Mr. Reg Moses arrives at Randwick with his wife and son, "Tiggy," for the running of the Sydney Cup on Easter Monday. Mrs. Moses was among many smart women who chose a tailored black suit and tiny white hat for the Easter race meetings.



COMING-OUT DANCE. Young country folk Bridget Macintyre (left), Mick Bowman, Robin Linsley, David Arnott, and Helen Mary Lysaght, who, with Sue Barton, Geoff Hassall, and Bruce Rutherford, were guests of honor at their coming-out dance at the Australia Hotel on Easter Monday night.

Social Gattings

THE problem of what to wear caused many headaches for women racegoers at Randwick on the opening days of the A.J.C.'s autumn race carnival.

Although the sun shone brightly and the weather was unseasonably warm on both Doncaster Day and Sydney Cup Day, it was evident that most women were not in an adventurous mood, and the majority took advantage of the hint of rain in the air to settle for the safe bet—a suit.

There was some consolation, however, in the thought that the whole clothes problem would have been

ten times worse if the meeting, as originally planned, had been a Royal occasion attended by Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

"WHAT might have been" if the

Royal tour had proceeded as planned caused much speculation among racegoers. Certainly the setting was perfect, with flowers in the gardens and in the stands at their very best. In the new reception room, decorated for Queen Elizabeth in her favorite shades of pale pink and moss-green, Mrs. Alan Potter, wife of the chairman of the A.J.C. committee, entertained guests for luncheon and afternoon tea.

CONSPICUOUSLY empty in the crowded official stand was the vice-regal box. Because of Court mourning, which does not end until May 31, the Governor, Sir John Northcott, and his daughter Elizabeth did not attend the races, but spent the long week-end quietly entertaining their Easter guests, the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks.



EASTER WEDDING. Second cousin of the Governor-General, Bill McKell, and his bride, formerly Marie Simon, after their wedding at St. Mary's Cathedral.



EASTER DANCE. Newly married Anne and Hugh Macneil, of Grenfell (left), were the guests of Anne's brother-in-law and sister, Wallace and Moira Munro, of Moree, at the Easter dinner-dance held in the Cedar Room at the Australia Hotel. Anne's gown was of rose-pink floral organza.



HOST AND HOSTESS Mr. and Mrs. Phil Yates with one of their guests, Mrs. Fenton Braund, of "Faxlow," Bangandore (left), at their Easter party at the Pickwick Club. Mrs. Yates wore a black velvet hat to match the bodice of her frock.



ATTRACTIVE LASSES Dianna Berkman (left) and Margaret Posner were guests at the party given for Dianna Bushell and Graeme Beer by their parents at the Pickwick Club.



FOUR SMART WOMEN. Mrs. Allan Manchec, of "Weetah," Moree (left), with Mrs. Hugh Cooper, Ann Manchec, and Mrs. John Coyle at Randwick on Easter Monday. Mrs. Manchec wore a frock of houndstooth checked wool, while the others in the party wore suits. Light-colored hats were chosen by all four women.

THE excitement of punters who backed Prelate in the Doncaster was exceeded only by the jubilation of Prelate's owners, Frank Donohoe and Hedley Kelly, and their wives. The win was a real family affair, as Mrs. Kelly is Frank Donohoe's niece, and her father, Jack Donohoe, trained Prelate. Perhaps the most excited of all were members of the third generation, 11-year-old Margaret and seven-year-old John Kelly, who saw Prelate win and confirm their opinion that he is "the greatest horse in the world."

LOOKING very smart in a black-and-white spotted frock and large black hat, visitor from England Madame Rafael de Romero, formerly Mrs. Lebbeus Hordern, was greeted by many old friends on Doncaster Day.

AN attractive lass who was greatly excited by her first experience of a big meeting at Randwick was Connaught O'Hanlon, whose parents, Dr. and Mrs. Kevin O'Hanlon, of Quirindi, rescued her from school for the Easter week-end.

SPOILS of her recent trip abroad were worn by Mrs. Brian Oxenham, whose Parisian navy felt cloche stabbed with a matching arrow was teamed with her American quilted navy-and-white-checked taffeta coat.

OUTSTANDING among so many gay hats was Betty Hearne's scarlet minaret-shaped hat topped with a cheeky weathercock of scarlet-and-black feathers. Conferring with Betty over their racebooks was Bess Kelly, of Boorowa. Bess chose a starboard-light green Garbo-style hat and wore a matching green carnation on the right cuff of her suit.

POPULAR A.J.C. secretary Bill Parry Okeden has been a worried looking man for the past few weeks. Not because of the tremendous amount of work involved in getting Royal Randwick ready for the Autumn Meeting, but because he thought he'd lost his efficiency-plus secretary, Helen Stuart.

Helen has announced her engagement to Ross Christensen, but the housing situation has saved Bill from looking for a new secretary to fill her place, as there can be no wedding bells until the couple find a home.

EYECATCHING. Mrs. Archie Baker, of "Laura," Armidale, whose horse, Boonchuey, ran in the first race on Cup Day, wore an unusual brooch—a gum leaf and gum nut in marcasite . . . Mrs. Doug Munro, of "Gundibri," Merriwa, who punted with Mrs. Clinton Tomson, of Chicago, fastened a brooch of pearls and diamonds on to her charcoal-grey suit.

ROUND-UP of Easter gaieties . . . A pre-race week party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Tom Baillieu, of "Tongy," Cassilis, for country and city friends at their new flat at Darling Point . . . Cattle breeders and their wives, down for the Show and races, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hordern at their Point Piper home . . . Host and hostess in the Kent Room, Australia Hotel, this Friday night will be Mr. and Mrs. Ted Body, of "Boonoon," Trangie . . . The Strath Playfair family and friends will get together this Sunday to celebrate the christening of the Alex Macleods' baby daughter, Sarah Playfair Gordon-Macleod.

Anne



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PATHFINDERS AT HOME. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Humphrey (left), Gillian, the eldest of their three daughters, Rex Benson, and Peter Cavanagh (right). The three men are among the 70 members of the Pathfinder Club. Rex Benson is club president.

Pathfinder reunion

They'll sing the songs mother never taught

After marching together on Anzac Day, members of the Pathfinder Club of Victoria and Tasmania will have a reunion in the garage at the home of fellow-member Jim Humphrey in Williams Road, Toorak, Victoria.

DURING the war, Pathfinders were the R.A.F. men who dropped colored incendiaries to illumine targets selected for Allied heavy bombing.

President of the Pathfinder Club is former R.A.F. Squadron-Leader Rex Benson, who has held the chair since the club's formation in Melbourne in 1950.

Last year he presided over the Anzac Day get-together lying in a plaster cast on a stretcher. He was A.W.L. for the occasion from Heidelberg Hospital, where until recently

he was "grounded" by the effects of a spinal injury sustained during the Battle of Britain days.

Able to walk now without even the aid of a walking-stick, he is still laced together with a steel and leather high-tailor brace.

On this Anzac night, Pathfinders will toast in absentia former 83 Squadron rear-gunner Warrant-Officer Alex Croll, D.F.C., D.F.M.

He was in such a hurry to get to Korea that he enlisted as a private in the Army.

Alex is now in Hollywood Hospital, Perth, invalided home with major head wounds,

By MARY COLES,
staff reporter

suffered while he was bandaging a wounded comrade.

Mr. President Benson told me that this year's reunion will mainly be devoted to ear-bashing and the singing of "songs our mothers never taught us."

There will be no "Quiet, please" requests from Jim Humphrey's wife lest the hilarity disturb the children.

Like the wives of other members of the club, including Mrs. Falkinder, wife of Bill Falkinder, Tasmanian Member of Federal Parliament, Mrs. Humphrey appreciates the significance of these occasions.

An English Waaf, she was in the control tower of the R.A.F. station at Little Staughton during the war.

The Humphrey household revolves round Pathfinder personalities.

Former Pathfinders Peter Cavanagh, now in business in Melbourne, and Rex Benson live with the Humphreys.

Rex was born in South Australia. His father married an English girl while serving with the 43rd Battalion in World War I. They came to Australia and lived in Adelaide, but later returned to England and made their home in Bristol.

Nostalgia induced Rex to head for Australia in 1948.

He began a civil engineering course at the Mildura Branch of Melbourne University, but after only a year of the course, his spinal injury flared up. He spent the next 20 months in plaster at Heidelberg Hospital.

The injury had previously kept him in hospital for 18 months in England.

He explained that he "bought it" in 1940 by "sitting down too hard" when a Wellington bomber he had been navigating crash-landed in flames.

At the time he dismissed the



WELL AGAIN after long spells in hospital, Rex Benson sets off for Melbourne University. He regrets that his leather and steel "foundation garment" spoils the line of his clothes.

shaking-up as "only a few bruises." He was keen to chalk up more "tours" to add to the 27 he had made over Germany.

By the end of the war he had 66 of these jaunts to his credit. In 1946 the "few bruises" began to bother him. His legs were paralysed because of a T.B. joint which had developed in the spine.

As soon as he was discharged from hospital in Britain he came to Australia.

Soccer and cricket landed him in hospital again. But at Heidelberg he kept abreast of his studies and passed second and third year examinations held at his bedside.

Rex Benson said the Humphreys' generosity in inviting him to join "the family" on his discharge from hospital has left him without a worry in the world while he completes his engineering course.

He is a bachelor.

"Not a confirmed one, though," he hastily assured me.

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap... Halo cannot leave dulling soap film.

Gives fragrant "soft water" lather—needs no special rinses!

Removes unsightly dandruff from both hair and scalp!

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Yes, "Soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily shampoos leaves dulling film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—the largest-selling shampoo in America and Australia.

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Spontex, too, for better home cleaning.



PATHFINDER veterans at the 1950 Anzac Day reunion in Melbourne. The five men in the front row are (from left) Alan Strickland, Alex Croll (with moustache), Peter Isaacson, Bill Falkinder, M.H.R., and "Watty" Watts.

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4002: For the tiny figure, sizes 24-26, approx. price \$4/-. Also in average and medium hip settings, approx. price \$5/-. to \$6/-.
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"Letter for you. Here... catch!"

BUTCH



"Oh, for gosh sakes! Then 'c'row out th' keys an' I'll make th' getaway alone."

It seems to me

LOOKING around the shops, that favorite feminine pastime, has never been more entrancing than at present.

Never before has there been such a variety of goods from strange places.

But goods seem to be more plentiful than money, and the imminent disappearance of imports hasn't provoked panic buying.

The haberdashery counters fascinate me more than most departments. Even the brands of pins are legion, including one variety in an old-fashioned painted tin box which appears to have been designed 50 years ago. Trouble about the haberdashery counter is that you can never use that time-honored formula "Just looking" when asked what you want. It seems eccentric, and you risk being felled to the ground by the lady next to you who has been trying to push her way in to buy three yards of elastic.

However, you can always ask for a packet of needles, a device which has no counterpart, unfortunately, in the furs department.

You need a special air of nonchalant hauteur to say "Just looking" when rummaging through a rack of mink coats.

It's an air, I think, which can only be inherited from a long line of nonchalant, haughty ancestors. You can't acquire it.

THE common cold, according to an American psychiatrist, is now among the long list of illnesses credited partly to emotional disturbances.

This is dismal news for people who get colds. They receive grudging sympathy as it is. People with colds, if they come to work, are usually told by their workmates that they ought to stay away—no use spreading it round the place.

If they do stay away, raised eyebrows indicate that only weaklings let a cold beat them.

Now the cold sufferer will have to contend with the slur that he has hidden fears, jealousies, or frustrations, which adds indignity to discomfort.

DOG judge Mr. W. C. Duckworth, of Townsville, Queensland, remarked at the Sydney Royal Show that the "Lassie" films were responsible for the growing popularity of collies as a breed.

While musing on the profound influence wielded by films on the lives of people and animals, it is timely to note that animals may come to influence films.

Last week a racehorse owner took two of his horses to a cinema at Nottingham to see a newsreel of the Grand National. He reported that the horses appeared to enjoy the film, and he thinks it may stir them to emulation.

Which shows, of course, that the old saw needs extension:

You can lead a horse to water
But you can't make him drink.
You can take a horse to the pictures,
But can you make him think?



Dorothy Drain

INFLATION, steadily marching upward to the stars, has caused a rise in the admission prices charged sightseers by owners of the stately homes of Britain.

Those who charged 2/- last year are now charging half-a-crown. Others, who used to throw in a cup of tea for half-a-crown, now find it doesn't pay, and the charge covers admission only.

This strikes me as a grave psychological mistake which the stately home owners, anxious to turn an honest penny, should remedy forthwith.

The spirit of sightseers is willing, but nothing strengthens their flesh so much as a nice hot cup of tea. Having it thrown in with an admission charge is a definite lure.

At the risk of sounding rather un-aesthetic, I favor the idea of cups of tea or coffee in art galleries. I know it would be awkward to stow a cafeteria among the Van Goghs, but some sort of traymobile service would be possible.

The price of a catalogue could be raised to include a cup of coffee. No need to go as far as sandwiches or peanuts, of course. But the notion of being able at the one time to rest your feet, restore your energy, and look at pictures seems sensible in a world all too short of time.

AN efficiency expert has evidently been at work in some of the cigarette factories.

In the packets put out by at least one manufacturer, the sides of the inside cardboard container in the packet have been eliminated.

This saves on each packet two strips 2 1/2 in. long by 1/4 in. wide. If you have a mind for elaborate statistics you can work out the saving that means expressed in tons of cardboard per year or even tree trunks.

At first this cheese-paring, or cardboard-paring, brought that vague sense of discomfort that accompanies all changes in often-handled objects. But you get used to it, as the manufacturers anticipated. They've come a long way since the days when they had to give away cigarette cards to encourage people to smoke.

HOLLYWOOD film director Michael Curtiz says that movie actors would do better if they did not eat so much lunch. "They have more fire, their eyes shine brighter, and they know their lines better if they are a little bit hungry," he said.

Note his look of mournful passion
As he turns his eyes on her,
In the close-up, what emotion!
Does he make your pulses stir?
See the fine-drawn lines of anguish,
Fevered brain by tempest lashed...
Sad to think such acting's moved by
Dreams of hot meat pie and mashed.

whether you're ...

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TALL

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"I've never been so pleased with a make-up as I am with Angel Face. It's such a delight to use, especially when I'm travelling or whenever I'm away from my dressing table. Angel Face gives my skin the smoothest-tinted, most natural finish of any make-up I've tried — and it stays on so long."

THE COMTESSE
ALAIN DE LA FALAISE

"I'm simply delighted with my new Angel Face! It's just what I've always wanted in a make-up — and I can't get over the easy way it goes on without water. Angel Face is a new 'must' for my handbag. I'd feel lost without it."

MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD, JR.

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MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.



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A C 15

Page 75

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

The nightgown illustrated at right has been specially designed in answer to the reader whose letter appears below. Similar requests came from other readers in last week's mailbag.

"I AM hoping you will help me with a design and pattern for a nightgown to wear in hospital during my second confinement, which is in July. When I had my first baby it was also in the winter, and the nightgowns I made with low-cut necklines finished with straps were unsuitable and had no warmth." The nightgown I have chosen for you to wear in hospital and later could be made in wool, cotton, or silk. The design, at right, has a pretty scallop trim and, most important, is front buttoned. In wool it would be comfortably warm. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust, and will take 4yds. 36in. material. The price is 4/6. The panel on this page will show you how and where to order.

To brighten black
"MY problem is to freshen up a black crepe frock which is in good condition but has rather an ordinary style. The bodice has a round, high neck and three-quarter-length sleeves, and the skirt is just plain and a little full."

White is one of the most attractive colors with black, but if you intend wearing the dress during winter months you might prefer a warmer accent color. You could put a butterfly bow made in a vivid-striped taffeta at the neckline and have matching cuffs. An alternative idea would be an ultra-large sailor-type collar made in one of the

NIGHTGOWN with front-buttoned bodice in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern price, 4/6.

new greeny-blue shades in any crisp silk. Both ideas could also be carried out in starched white pique.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and 4/6, cost of pattern.

BE SURE TO GIVE FULL ADDRESS, INCLUDING THE STATE YOU LIVE IN, AND ALSO SUPPLY SIZE.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

Cocktail frock

"I WANT to make a frock and jacket ensemble suitable to wear for cocktail parties, dinner, and dancing."

For late-day to dinner and from dinner to dancing you could not have anything nicer than a wide-skirted ballerina dress and tiny matching bolero. I suggest black velvet for the material. Have the bodice of the dress made with a halter-top and the skirt inflated with a stiffened petticoat. The bolero could be collarless, with balloon sleeves.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"DOROTHEA," "GLENDA," and "CYNTHIA" are a fashionable trio comprising a jacket and two skirts. One skirt is sunray pleated and the other slim. The material is a pure-wool flannel, obtainable in light or dark grey. The jacket has a black velvet trim. Each garment can be bought separately. Elvira is a handy spare blouse to wear under suits.

"DOROTHEA" Ready To Wear: Jacket, sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 91/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 93/11. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 73/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 75/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

"GLENDA" Ready To Wear: Sunray pleated skirt, sizes 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 84/-; 30in. and 32in. waist, 86/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 67/9; 30in. and 32in. waist, 70/6. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

"CYNTHIA" Ready To Wear: Slim skirt, sizes 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 77/6; 30in. and 32in. waist, 79/11. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 61/3; 30in. and 32in. waist, 63/3. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

"ELVIRA": A smartly tailored blouse, obtainable in rayon spun. The color choice includes white, sky-blue, beige, grey, lemon, and tan.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 37/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/9. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 27/-; 36in. and 38in. bust, 29/6. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 55.



Woman flies on pennies-from-heaven job



TIGER MOTH flies over a lonely Malayan mine to deliver the payroll. In the plane as dropper was former Sydney journalist Marjorie Stapleton, who wrote the story on this page. The tall trees made the run-in particularly hazardous on this occasion.



PILOT J. H. WAGSTAFF briefs Mrs. Stapleton before they take off on the pay-drop she describes in this article. The club's planes are in constant demand for charter work.

Daily payroll drops foil jungle terrorists in Malaya

By Marjorie Stapleton, in Malaya

I have just completed more than 100 flying hours dropping payroll money to lonely Malayan mines and plantations within flying range of Kuala Lumpur, the gleaming white town of domes, minarets, and mosques where all operations against communist jungle bandits are planned.

AIR drops are cheaper and less dangerous than road convoys, which might be ambushed by the terrorists.

Every day of the month our club aircraft drop money tied up in strong leather bags to mines and estates in the bandit-riddled jungle.

Very often there is a pilot available but no one to drop the money, and this is where I rush from my office to the hangar, pull on helmet and goggles, and take the rear cockpit of a Tiger Moth.

I have acted as a "dropper"

40 times now. If only I were a pilot I could have the second "stick" in and would have logged more than 100 hours on pay-drop work.

The straps are fixed, the money is stacked under my knees and on top of them. Sometimes there are so many bags that they reach to my chin, and, as I throw one out, the movement tugs out the inter-com and earphones.

These have to be adjusted again at once so that all the pilot's instructions for the next drop can be heard.

Last time we carried seven big money bags totalling a quarter of a million dollars. (Altogether our club has safely dropped more than 100,000,000 Straits dollars — about £A14,285,713 — from the air.)

We had an hour's flight over unbroken jungle before we reached the first tin-mine and saw the identification letters laid out below. A small bonfire gave us wind direction for the drop.

Armed guards fringed the dropping zone, which was the company's soccer ground. We circled once as a dummy run, then dived low to drop the first bag at the feet of the guards.

We circled again to get their acknowledgment, then flew on to the next drop, the tiny front lawn of a manager's bungalow.

The manager had staked a white bed-sheet to his lawn, and the usual armed constabulary stood around to protect the money.

The drop, of course, has to



FLYING OVER DENSE JUNGLE, typical of the country, the little plane heads for the next lonely outpost on the payroll run.

be quite accurate, or the bag may be lost in the rubber trees or jungle. In this case, thousands of dollars in wages would go astray. It has never happened yet, but touch wood.

This time we scored a bull's-eye on the sheet, and the heavy bag bounced before coming to rest at the manager's front door. This is as good as one can expect. It would be too much to hope that the bag would hit somewhere else and bounce on to the sheet.

The surrounding trees were high, and we flew down to the lowest possible level, then the pilot climbed so sharply that I had the feeling that I'd left my heart behind.

I sorted out the next bag and we flew on over more jungle to the next drop, which was the siding of a country railway station, where the train has been shot up so often that our service is now considered the only safe way of getting the payroll there.

Here the bag hit the platform as we dived low as for a bombing run. We saw it skid along the station into the open door of the waiting-room.

Incidentally, if these money bags, full of coin, hit anyone they would kill him. There was a great scramble below as

the bag came down, but the rifles were still cocked.

We received the acknowledgment and flew on over miles of sinister jungle again to the other four dropping zones.

Our mission completed successfully, the pilot set his compass and started on the long flight back home.

Only now could I relax and gaze down on the jungle.

We saw tracks suspiciously like bandit paths and had to note these and hand them in to the military authorities later for their scrutiny.

I scratched pencil notes on a large-scale map, and the wind tore at my helmet and clothes as I leaned out of the plane to take a good look.

Some of this information may prove useful, some may be accounted for by the new squatter resettlement, but this is for the Army to sort out later.

As we flew back I pondered on the lonely life of the planters' and miners' wives, who can leave their own homes only at the peril of their lives. The women come to their doors and wave to us.

Large white handkerchiefs wave and wave. It is not the wind which brings tears to my eyes as I lean out and wave frantically in return.

I say (quite futilely of course, for no one can hear me): "We're flying too high for you to know there's a woman in the plane who'd love to come down and have coffee with you."

"I lived your sort of life for two years, and how I feel for you. The best I can do at the moment is this: We're all thinking of you in town. Au revoir and God bless you."

Behind us, like a silver wreath in the sky, was a second plane, piloted by my husband. In it was a photographer, whom I had asked to take these pictures for *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

Volunteer pilots of all nationalities take part in this pay-drop and charter work.

Our little training planes also take people to remote strips in the jungle, saving the traveller hours of nervous strain, heat, and tedium in armored cars.



AT KUALA LUMPUR AERO CLUB before the take-off are the pilot for the pay-drop, Mr. Wagstaff, Mr. E. B. Couper, agent, and Mrs. Stapleton.

Dramatic new

● Low-cut velvet bodice, at left, is worn with a wide swinging skirt of heavily quilted green silk taffeta.

● Black velvet coat, at right, follows the chic new line of flowing back fullness under a high-set band. The coat is lined with vivid orange.

Black plus one glowing color is a fresh fashion formula in winter dress collections. On these pages are some variations of the theme showing the newest colors to enliven black.



● Hardy Amies designed the striking coat and dress ensemble, above. Both dress and coat have full flaring lines. The color team, copper and black, is news for autumn.

● Mattli's lovely lace dress, above, has a high-cut neckline in front and at the back is scooped into a deep oval. The skirt has all-round pleats.

● Black velvet sheath dress, above, has an unusual horse-shoe neckline slotted through with pleated satin. The satin knots at the back and falls into two long panels, one sweeping the floor.

Colors with black

● Black taffeta dress, at left, has fuchsia-red faille draped halter fashion on the bodice. The drape continues into an important bustle effect on the spreading skirt.

● Narrow-skirted model, at left, has a moulded bodice with a low square-cut decolletage. The matching fringed scarf is lined with emerald-green satin.

● Victor Stiebel's enormously wide slipper satin skirt, above, is worn with a chic black jersey jewel-encrusted bodice-top.

● Frederick Starke's short evening dress of pale apricot satin, at right, is veiled in layers of black net—over the foundation, a black net redingote.

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PRESENTLY in the attic Evan was showing Livvy the selection of water-colors he had brought with him.

"I chose these," he said, "because in each instance the singleness, the purity of the artist's impulse comes through." He continued while Livvy leafed the sketches through again.

"There's none of yours," she said.

Interrupted between one syllable and the next he answered patiently, "I'm a beginner, too."

Livvy looked up into his dark eyes and saw in them such earnest self-consciousness the strangling flutter returned to her breast. There was no fading north light to hypnotise her, the man obviously ate well and he looked too prosperous to pity.

Nevertheless, an unnerving, anomalous, wholly inartistic emotion clutched Livvy, particularly in her breathing apparatus, making her deliciously sad and fearfully happy within one small second of passing time.

She stared helplessly at Evan, hoping he wouldn't notice, but he did, and the same responsive bewilderment that had fogged his fury yesterday returned to slow him up.

"I don't get it," he said. "You keep skidding off at the turns."

"It's the altitude." Without knowing what she was doing, Livvy wrung her hands. "And my housework," she said. "All those floors to be waxed."

"Blinds to be dusted," he said coldly. He reassembled the sketches he had brought and restored them to the folder. He put the folder under his arm. "Some women are born to be hausfraus. You'll have to make up your mind," he said. "Good morning."

Livvy applied herself to her dusting, and after that she washed the windows and cleaned both bathrooms, including the walls and the ceilings, and following those accomplishments she burnished various brass doorknobs throughout the house and vacuumed draperies here and there.

By four o'clock she was exhausted, so she started dinner; and still the spell of Evan Ward invaded her spirit, rocketing it from ecstasy to despair and back again. The emotion, she knew, was akin to love, and might even have been mistaken by someone else for love itself, but Livvy knew better.

Bruno gave her the key-word. Professor Billert was paying for his meal at the Chamber of Commerce with a lecture, and Harry out with friends, so Bruno, eating without gusto, was alone at the table with Livvy. He had a purple bruise high on his left cheek and his chin was rubbed and his ear was cut. He didn't mind those things.

"No, I don't want any cake," he said. "I'm overweight, remember? You know what the coach said to me to-day? 'Billert,' he said, 'look up the word sublimation. That's what's happened to you. Sublimation. You've sublimated a laudable instinct to kill the other guy.' Honestly, that's what he said." He touched his chin with tender fingers. "Sublimation. Don't try to tell me what it means. Look it up, will you? I'm a little tired."

Too Smart To Marry

Continued from page 9

When Livvy concluded her visit to the dictionary she knew what was wrong with her. She had converted the energy of her forbidden urge to paint into the dutiful channel of housekeeping with such relentless intensity the whole thing had fermented, popping her cork in Evan Ward's direction. Her blocked ardor for painting had settled itself defiantly on a painter. Examined without terror, the situation was silly but solvable.

When Professor Billert returned home that evening, Livvy was waiting for him. "When must the entries be in for the Centre Galleries Exhibit?" she said.

Professor Billert was pleased. "Evan talked you into submitting a picture?" "In a way," Livvy said, "yes. I've been extremely childish," she continued candidly, "pretending to be so busy with housework I didn't have time to paint when actually it was petulance. If I couldn't paint whenever I wanted to, I wouldn't paint at all."

"That's astute."

"Perhaps, too, I've been making three men pay for the fact that I was born a woman and therefore automatically the cook and bottle-washer for the family after mother died. But now that I've worked this thing out," Livvy concluded, "there's no hurry about your marrying Grace."

"It depends on the point of view," her father said.

Livvy rose. "I must call Evan," she said.

She expected Evan to be gratified, or at least pleased, but he was more cool than cordial.

"A good many entries are in," he said. "There's only a

week remaining. And I must warn you that I will be one of the judges."

She thought it would be small of him to hold yesterday's mistakes against her tomorrow, but she was humming when she turned away from the telephone. There was no possible chance that she would win an award in the exhibit.

She wasn't entering it to win an award, or even to try for one; she was entering it for the sole purpose of exorcising her drive to sublimate her art to housekeeping. Or, more bluntly, to escape the absurd possibility of falling in love with Evan Ward. She was determined not to fall into the trap that had snared her talented mother, chaining her inescapably to a husband, a house, and three children.

When Evan dropped in a day or two later, the thing in her breast fluttered briefly and subsided. Her back ached, her eyes felt strained, her picture was scarcely begun, and the dust collecting everywhere throughout the house was on her conscience, but she was keeping to her easel.

"A finger exercise, I hope?" Evan said. He was extremely polite.

Livvy picked up her picture and tore it wearily into three strips.

"A finger exercise," she said, and began again. The word he had used, earlier, "pallid," remained in her mind, and to offset it she mixed bolder colors.

"Ah," he said, "you're doing a poster?"

She tore that one up, too.

Please turn to page 31

As I read the Stars

By EYE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Outings are favored on April 20. High-pressure salesmanship might push you into a deal against your better judgment on April 24. Hold off until later.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Personal affairs should be the main emphasis on April 21 and 22. Some Taurus folk will get a brainwave on April 25, setting them on the road to a long-cherished wish.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Silence will be golden on April 19, otherwise you may spoil your chances. Financial problems may crop up on April 24. It would be wiser not to sail too close to the wind.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): The Cancer tribe should be brilliantly successful on April 19. Some of you will reach a turning point in relations with a person or an activity on April 24.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Decisions made in regard to occupation or social interests on April 24 may carry you farther than you intended, for soon you'll settle into a new groove.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Changing your plans on April 22 may be all to the good, although forced on you by circumstances. Sit tight and don't worry over bad news on April 24.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Welcome fruit born

of previous efforts may color April 21 or 22 with a rosy tinge. April 25 may bring a small windfall, a gift, or an invitation.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Watchful waiting is your game on April 20. The week blossoms with parties, romance, and good fortune connected with the opposite sex.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): A spot of work may be required if you are to catch up with yourself. The evening of April 23 may set you off on an entirely new tangent.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Wise Capricorn will stop, look, and listen on April 22. Relax during the rest of the week, and let others provide their own leaning posts.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): You can accomplish much in any direction you choose on April 20. Changes you bring about yourself on April 24 may have both advantages and drawbacks.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A little surprise on April 19 could start your week with excitement. News heard on April 25 may be merely a rumor; plans based on it may not work out.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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SEE HOW
IT RUNS



Cerebos SALT

Too Smart To Marry

Continued from page 30

EVAN came twice a day sometimes. She began to feel haunted and pressured by his presence at her elbow, a silent reminder that she must paint well; but how could she paint well at once, after weeks and months and even years of cadging small snips of time to paint at all?

"You're bothering me," she said violently, at last.

"I hope so," he said. "I hope I bother you so much you can't sleep nights and you can't think daytimes. I hope I bother you so much you'll finally come up with one simple, single, pure and undiluted emotion which you'll paint honestly. But I don't think you can. I'm beginning to think," he said, "that you want to believe you're an artist, but you don't really want to paint."

"I thought I could paint, but perhaps you're right," she said. "Perhaps I can't."

"Now," he said, "I've made you unhappy. I only wanted to make you mad. You have talent, Livvy, but there are a hundred thousand other people in the world who have talent, too, and I haven't tried to channel theirs. I should be shot for meddling with yours. You're happy keeping house. Well, then, keep house."

"I'm not happy keeping house," Livvy said. But she couldn't sort out her confusions and catalogue them for him because she didn't know the nature of some of them herself.

"Forgive me," he said, and went away.

He didn't come back. Livvy painted all the next day without him. It was a tedious, hopeless business, and no good came of it, and she took no pleasure from it.

She was still shredding papers late Tuesday afternoon. All entries must be in by noon on Wednesday.

Professor Billert found her, near dinnertime, facing a blank sheet of paper on her easel. He suggested he call Grace and ask her to join the family for dinner at the Chateau Noblesse, where the food was good and the service was passable or, if Livvy preferred, The Red Weasel, where you paid for the service and the food was thrown in.

"You need to relax," Professor Billert said.

"Yes, I do." She went to him and stood a moment, drawing comfort from leaning against him.

"Grace and I could be married quietly to-morrow morning, and she could come in here and take over and lift the whole load of housework off your shoulders."

"Don't you see, dad," she said, close to hysteria, "I'm trying to prove that I can paint, that I want to paint?"

"Livvy," Professor Billert said, "are you sure you want to be an artist? Your mother didn't. She drew a great deal of pleasure from neglecting her talent. It was as useful to her as a backache is to a man. She could always excuse herself from doing what she didn't want to do by claiming she was about to paint a picture, and she could always explain herself later when someone asked to see the picture by saying the children had kept her too busy. She was a completely happy woman. She loved housework."

Livvy didn't believe him, but she was shocked speechless by this revelation of his complacent acceptance of his wife's self-sacrifice.

"I'll get your coffee," he said.

When he returned with it, Livvy made it apparent that inspiration was with her again and he retreated, tiptoeing down the attic stairs. Livvy stood a moment, contemplating the sketch she had begun. It was another stinker, and, after she was sure, she screwed it into a ball and flung it as far as its weight would carry. She flung her pencil after it. She picked up her brush.

It seemed to her the time she had spent at art school had been wasted, the hours she had labored subsequently had taught her nothing, the mistakes she had made had been merely mistakes, conveying no enlightenment. But she had told Evan Ward she would paint a picture.

She picked up her brush and splashed water lavishly over the paper on her easel. With a dripping brush she dabbed furiously at a color, any color, and laid it on with broad, hysterical sweeps. She dabbed again and daubed again, and by five o'clock in the morning when she laid down her brush to rest a moment, she decided the picture was finished, anyway.

She stared at it. There was part of a torso on it, with a fragment of collar and sleeve through the air nearby. There was a man's hand—an angry, derisive hand, connected to nothing. There was a splash of angry purple in the lower foreground, but she didn't remember laying it on.

LIVVY made a close scrutiny and saw there were no trees, no brooks, no sky, no grass, no rock, and no bird, so she crept off to bed.

Bruno delivered the painting to the galleries for Livvy later that next morning. None of the family saw it. Livvy was up in time to get breakfast and since she didn't mention art everyone else charitably avoided the subject.

Bruno was the last to leave the house, so she chose him for her errand, and closed the door on him with the weary hope that he'd lose the picture en route, but remember, the next time he saw Evan Ward, to admit he'd had it.

Housework reclaimed her. It absorbed her. The next day when Professor Billert, at dinner, said he had seen her picture at the exhibit she couldn't believe it had been hung. She hadn't gone near the place herself.

"Are you sure?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "It's remarkable."

Everyone thought it was remarkable. The phone rang relentlessly and Livvy's friends dropped in, beginning at ten in the morning, and a few of the bolder among them asked her to explain the picture, but when she said she couldn't, even the audacious thought the painting must be more significant than they'd realised.

No one came right out and said it was awful, so Livvy couldn't, either, for fear of being accused of false modesty or insincerity, or both.

Please turn to page 33

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Too Smart To Marry

Continued from page 31

IT was a relief to find Evan Ward on the doorstep one morning towards the end of the week. He, at least, would be blunt. He was. He said Livvy's painting had taken the award for the most distinctive entry, and he had brought her a cheque which was the prize.

Livvy sat down, but Evan remained on his feet. His manner was diffident.

"It's none of my business, of course," he said, "and you can do what you please, but if you really want to paint you should start now, drop everything else and start now, while you have this encouragement to keep you at it."

"Was it really a good picture, Evan?" she said.

He folded his arms. "It was distinctive," he said firmly. "One or two of the judges were bowled over. It had spirit. It had emotion. I will say that."

But his chief concern was Livvy. "There's a man in New York who could do a lot for you if you'd go back there and study with him for a year or two, and listen to what he says and do what he tells you to do. I was talking to your father about him yesterday."

"To my father?"

"He thinks you should go to New York," Evan said.

She had painted a picture and it had won an award, proving that talent hadn't been wholly sublimated out of her, but the sight of Evan Ward standing with arms folded, his mouth set, his eyes unfathomable, started wings beating again in her breast as though exorcising him had been no part of the contract.

She rose and turned away from him blindly. "I'll go to New York," she said.

It took some preparation and arranging to get Professor Billett married, and Evan was helpful with that. Livvy drew the bitter conclusion that she couldn't leave too soon for Evan's satisfaction, and she avoided him when she could, but she often encountered his glance. It seemed to follow her everywhere, trying to decipher, she supposed, whose words had worked where his had failed to start her painting.

He was probably recalling, every time he looked at her, that he hadn't been able to teach her anything, but he was generous enough to offer to drive her to the plane on the day she left.

The honeymooners were out of town for the week-end, and Bruno was pitting his reduced weight against another team east of the mountains, and Harry was taking an exam. Livvy appreciated Evan's offer.

She was to keep the picture with her, he said, not let it get out of her hands. It was important that she have it to show to Evan's friend in New York when she got there.

"I was engaged to his sister, once, a few years ago, but Andre and I are still friends."

Livvy readjusted the cardboard folder enclosing her picture; it lay across her knees in Evan's car.

"I didn't know marriage had ever occurred to you," she said.

"I've thought about it a couple of times." He was grim this morning. His mouth wore that new taut set, and his profile was bleak against the rain

slashing down beyond the car window.

"But I keep falling in love with girls who want to paint," he said. "I'm looking for a girl who wants to keep house, and who isn't eating her heart out wanting to be an artist. I want somebody who'll keep me clean and comfortable. I'll do the painting." He turned right. "I'll let you off at the airport while I park the car. That way you'll keep out of the rain."

"No," Livvy said. The need to remain with him even these last few brief moments was intolerable. "Please," she said.

They both forgot the picture. Livvy remembered first. She remembered the painting when Evan, reaching for her arm to help her across a puddle after they'd parked the car, nudged the awkward folder under her arm. Livvy started to move it carefully to a more secure place under her unpossessed arm, but a terrible temptation assailed her midway. The puddle was right there at her feet. She was waiting to cross it. It was a big puddle. Evan was looking the other way.

"Wait a minute. There's a car coming," he said; and a second later, "He'll splash!"

EVAN pulled her back, but the cardboard folder bore steadily forward and landed in the mud puddle, where Livvy saw one of the car wheels, possibly two, go over it.

"Now what?" she said. She forgot to appear surprised.

Evan said nothing. Where he stood he could look straight down into her upturned face.

"What did you do that for, Livvy?" His voice was calm. "You threw it."

"I don't know." She was suddenly cold, and wet, and frightened, and miserable.

He kept her there, his hand firm on her arm. "Why did you do it?" he said.

"I don't know."

"You do know," he said, and he repeated words she'd heard from him before. "The creative human must let nothing interfere with his search for the profoundest depth of truth contained within himself."

"I don't want to go to New York. I don't even want to paint. I want to stay here and keep house."

"For me?" Evan said.

"Yes," Livvy said.

"You're sure?"

"She was positive. He kissed her."

"Let's go back to the car," Evan said. "I've been through this a couple of times before, remember, and it took a lot of sweat to get that award for your painting so you could go on if you really wanted to. What if you wake up some morning and want to paint another picture?"

"I never will," Livvy said. She re-examined her profoundest depths. "But now and then it may pay me to claim I do," she said.

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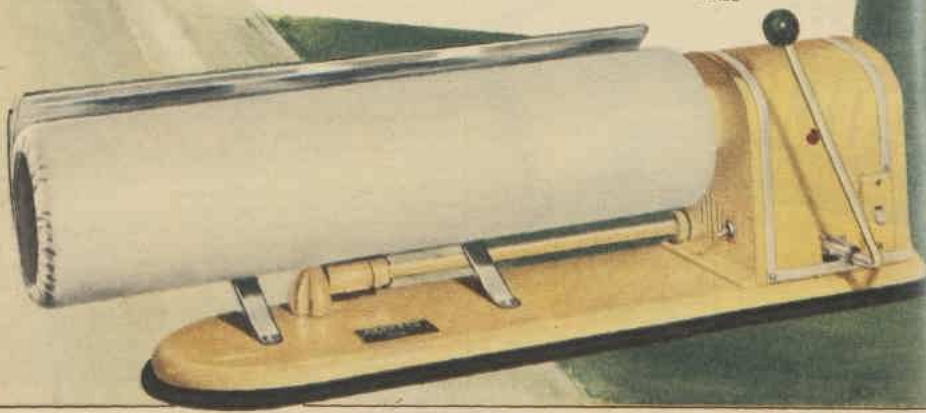


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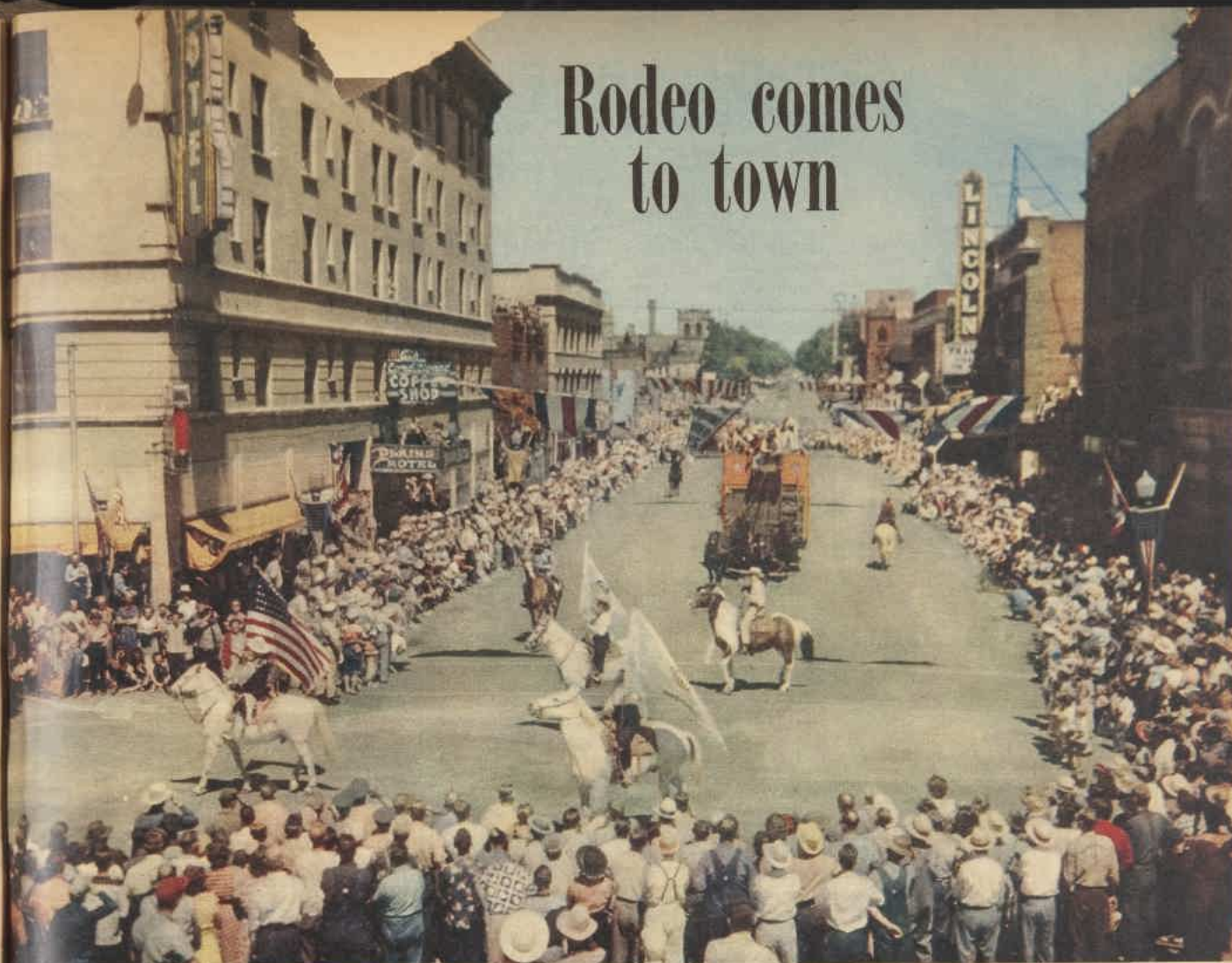
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Rodeo comes to town



SPECTACULAR PARADE of rodeo stars (above) through city thoroughfares in this scene from "Bronco Buster" whets the enthusiasm of townspeople for the big riding events in the local arena.

● America's Rodeo Circuit provides colorful background for Universal's action film "Bronco Buster" by giving glimpses of several famous stampedes including those held each year at Phoenix, Pendleton, and Cheyenne. The movie plot deals with rivalry between champion rodeo riders John Lund and Scott Brady. Joyce Holden co-stars.



RODEO CLOWNS (left) put on their act for the grandstand crowds. Trick riding is part of the stock-in-trade of these performers, a popular feature of rodeo carnivals. In "Bronco Buster" Chill Wills plays a clown role.

CELEBRATING after the famous Cheyenne Frontier Days Rodeo, Judy Pruett (Joyce Holden), centre, hears champion rodeo riders Tom Moody (John Lund), right, and Bert Eaton (Scott Brady), standing, agree to hold a private contest.





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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Pandora and the Flying Dutchman

CAUGHT in technicolor against charming backgrounds of a little Spanish fishing village, "Pandora and The Flying Dutchman" (British Lion-Romulus) is both patchy and ponderous.

It contains scenes of beauty and novelty, but fails at the outset to make it clear that "Pandora" is fantasy; this omission will confuse some filmgoers.

Others will be engrossed by the film's provocative theme.

The screenplay is based on the legend of the Dutch sailor who slew his innocent wife; condemned to perpetual life, he roams the seas alone searching for a woman who will release his restless spirit by giving her life for him.

James Mason is effectively saturnine as the modern wandering Dutchman Hendrick van der Zee, and Ava Gardner's neurotic Pandora is an American who gives up numerous lovers for his sake.

Playboy Marius Goring,

racing motorist Nigel Patrick, matador Mario Cabre (real-life bullfighter and poet), and scholar Harold Warrender are among the gentlemen who try to win Pandora.

In Sydney—Embassy.

★ Behave Yourself

RK.O.'s noisy domestic comedy starring Shelley Winters and Farley Granger uses that old mother-in-law gag plus whatever grisly humor is to be found in an ever-growing mound of corpses.

Everybody in the film works strenuously at being funny, including Winters and Granger as the young lovebirds.

Mother-in-law Margalo Gillmore deplores her daughter's taste in husbands, especially when, through no fault of his own, Granger becomes entangled with a bunch of Hollywood gangsters.

When corpses crop up all over town, a set of Keystone cops led by William Demarest yelling at the top of his voice believe that Granger is a one-man crime wave.

In Sydney—Palace.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★ "Good-bye My Fancy," romantic drama, starring Joan Crawford, Robert Young, Frank Lovejoy. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," romantic fantasy in technicolor, starring James Mason, Ava Gardner, Nigel Patrick. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "A Millionaire for Christy," romantic comedy, starring Fred MacMurray, Eleanor Parker. Plus "Journey Into Light."

LIBERTY.—★★★ "An American in Paris," technicolor musical, starring Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant. Plus special featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Ma and Pa Kettle at the Fair," family comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. Plus "The Treasure of Lost Canyon."

MAYFAIR.—★ "Meet Me After the Show," technicolor musical, starring Betty Grable, MacDonald Carey, Eddie Albert. Plus "Girl on the Bridge."

PALACE.—★ "Behave Yourself," murder farce, starring Shelley Winters, Farley Granger. (See review this page.) Plus "Whiplash."

PARK.—★ "Lightning Strikes Twice," crime melodrama, starring Richard Todd, Ruth Roman, Mercedes McCambridge. Plus "Flame of Youth."

PLAZA.—★ "Flying Leathernecks," wartime drama, starring John Wayne, Robert Ryan, Janis Carter. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "My Favorite Spy," comedy, starring Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "Two Tickets to Broadway," technicolor musical, starring Tony Martin, Janet Leigh. Plus "Nature's Half Acre," Walt Disney featurette.

SAVOY.—★★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Week-end With Father," domestic comedy, starring Van Heflin, Patricia Neal. Plus "Mark of the Renegade," period drama, starring Ricardo Montalban.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "An American in Paris," technicolor musical, starring Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant. Plus special featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Black Narcissus," technicolor drama, starring David Farrar, Deborah Kerr, Kathleen Byron. Plus "Badger's Green." (Both re-releases.)

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "M." thriller, starring David Wayne, Luther Adler, Howard da Silva. Plus "Whirlwind Raiders," Western, starring Charles Starrett.

CIVIC.—★ "Yellow Sky," Western, starring Gregory Peck, Anne Baxter, Richard Widmark. Plus "House on 92nd Street." (Both re-releases.)

LYRIC.—★ "Deadlier than the Male," murder mystery, starring Claire Trevor, Laurence Tierney. Plus "Isle of the Dead," thriller, starring Boris Karloff. (Both re-releases.)

VICTORY.—★ "Son of Dr. Jekyll," thriller, starring Jody Lawrence, Louis Hayward. Plus "Pick-up," drama, starring Beverly Michaels, Hugo Haas.

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1 INVESTIGATING the disappearance of a five-year-old negro girl, Sheriff Kellogg (Richard Rober), right, finds that her father (Ernest Anderson), centre, and other negroes fear that she has been murdered.



2 INTERROGATED because he is a stranger and was seen with the child, Claude Packard (Henry Morgan) cannot provide an alibi. He pleads family responsibility, but is arrested on suspicion of implication.

American social drama



3 INFLUENTIAL citizen Sam Packard (Barry Kelly), Claude's uncle, tries to prevent a family scandal by having the charge withdrawn, but circumstantial evidence is too strong.

RACIAL conflict within a small American township provides the plot of "The Well" (United Artists).

Striving for realism, non-professional players were chosen for bit parts and nearly all scenes were filmed on location. An important tunnel-making scene was filmed with well-digging machinery and a crew digging to a depth of 30 feet.

The musical score of "The Well" is by Dimitri Tiomkin, and is integrated with the story.



4 INTENSE public interest in the case leads to violent incidents occurring between white and negro populations.



5 GANGS which form as bad feeling mounts are on the point of launching a full-scale riot when the discovery is made that the negro child was not murdered but has fallen down the shaft of an abandoned well.



6 ANXIOUSLY, the child's parents and other townsfolk hurry to the well, but Sheriff Kellogg finds that skilful engineering is needed in order to reach the trapped girl. Time is too short to send for outside help.



7 SOLUTION of the problem is reached when Claude Packard reveals to them that he is a mining engineer and, bearing no grudge for the former false accusations against him, begins planning a tunnel to reach the child.



8 RESCUE work led by Claude continues all night and, as townsfolk join the common effort, former differences and prejudices are forgotten. The little girl, frightened, but safe, is rescued.

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The Red Centre

Continued from page 7

WHEN Martin woke in the morning, Holt was on guard and Lenny asleep. He lay and listened for a while, but the gully was as silent as ever. The natives hadn't returned.

But later in the day Lenny, who had gone away down the gully, returned with the native who had greeted Martin and Dawn on their arrival. Lenny cried proudly, "Look, Pete — look what I found skulking under a bush."

The native looked around nervously at the rifles and at Holt. He avoided looking at Martin. Martin's throat contracted. This had the earmarks of a plan which had misfired.

Fortunately Holt was apparently not suspicious. He said slowly, "A boong, eh? Well, well. And friendly. What's your name?"

The native said, "Jackie."

His eyes kept shifting.

"Where you come from, Jackie?"

Jackie waved vaguely to the north.

"Walkabout?"

The native nodded.

"See any camels, Jackie?"

The native's eyes seemed to light. He said eagerly, "Plenty camels."

"Six?"

Jackie nodded. He didn't look furtive now. The intelligent look Martin had noticed before had returned to his face.

Martin was hanging on every answer. He couldn't warn the native not to talk. Jackie would have no chance of covering up against the two white men.

Holt asked, "Who was with the camels, Jackie?"

"Steve," Jackie said. "Him bin 'longa Bill. White woman."

"Where were they going?"

Martin dropped his eyes, not wishing to disconcert Jackie with his stare. His scalp was tingling. This was a plan, and it hadn't misfired. It was going along nicely.

Jackie's reply was low. Martin could barely hear it. "Dibiana," he muttered. "Kadaitcha."

Holt looked at him hard. He said, "I've heard about the Kadaitcha."

So had Martin. According to aborigines the Kadaitcha is a man who is practically invisible. He is armed with special chants and sent out to avenge the infringement of some important tribal law. He cuts his body when he approaches the wanted person and allows the blood to flow.

"What does Dibiana mean?" Holt asked.

"Black-fella woman."

Holt was trying to piece it together. He questioned, "Do you mean they've gone out to look for a woman Kadaitcha?"

"Kadaitcha live 'longa rocks," Jackie explained.

Holt's brow cleared. He said, "I get it now. They've gone to look at some rocks." There was only one explanation of this in his mind. The party had gone to inspect ore.

"Rock soft," Jackie explained. He bent down and picked up some loose dirt and let it drift through his fingers.

Holt puzzled that out.

"Sandstone?" he suggested, and Jackie nodded eagerly.

Holt looked across at Martin. His eyes narrowed. "I've heard about that sandstone place," he said. "What can I ask about it?"

Martin shook his head. Jackie was doing all right. He couldn't take the risk of helping him along, not knowing the plan.

"All right," Holt said quietly, "we'll get along without you."

He turned back to Jackie. "What about this Kadaitcha business, Jackie?"

Jackie got back his furtive look and the whites of his eyes showed.

"Dibiana's father bin killed," he muttered. "Moanya good, quiet fella. When close-up finish Moanya said, 'Yokumuna bin proper bad fella. Other bad fellas like Yokumuna. I die because Yokumuna bin greedy. You bury me in that country—' Jackie waved towards the north."

"He say, 'Dibiana, you bin watch over me all time,'" he went on. "You stay 'longa me, and when bad fellas like Yoku-

munna come, Dibiana see they all bin dead fella. Dibiana waits like Kadaitcha. S'pose she see fella who killed. She comes. She is there. She is gone."

Holt looked across at Martin ironically. "That's bad country for me," he observed. "Don't you think, Stewart?"

"Any country," Martin said, "with your conscience."

He was still seeking the broad outlines of the plan. As far as he could see, Jackie wanted Holt to go out to the sandstone town after Steve's mythical party.

"Well, I'm not afraid of ghosts and being haunted," Holt said. He turned back to Jackie and asked him, "How far Dibiana's country?"

"Two days 'longa camels," Jackie told him.

Holt fell into thought. Jackie asked nervously, "Me go now?"

Holt nodded and Jackie skipped off. A little later, while Holt was still thinking, Martin heard the natives returning to their camp. Holt lifted his head and listened, too, then shrugged. "Quite a party of them," he grunted.

Presently Martin heard the

older children shouting and splashing in the water. The natives were taking up their normal way of living. He wondered how Dawn would fit into it and when, just before sunset, Lenny strolled down to the camp he was on hot bricks until the pilot returned.

He came back with a smirk. He said to Holt, "There's some pretty numbers in that bunch."

Holt looked at him sourly. "Can you ever take your mind off girls?" he demanded.

Lenny grinned and went back to his guardpost. He kept his eyes glued on the pool lower down so that Holt had to shout at him, "Keep your eyes moving, will you?"

Lenny obeyed but he shouted back, "I'd rather look at a live girl than be chased by the spirit of a dead one."

Holt scowled at Martin. Presently he got up and joined Lenny on the rock. They sat there talking until dusk, when they both came back. While Lenny took up his usual position apart from the camp Holt started to get the tucker ready. Down the gully the natives' fires were burning brightly.

Holt took out Lenny's food and ate his own in silence. After dinner he got up and went off in the direction of the fires.

Lenny came in closer. "How are you, mate?" he asked Martin conversationally. "Find it dull?"

Martin said, "Not as dull as you're finding it."

"Mightn't be so dull now the natives are here," Lenny said cockily. "There's some nice looking pieces down there."

Martin said nothing.

"Pete's in a jam," Lenny went on, chuckling. "He can't make up his mind what to do. To wait here or go after the others. He wants to try out that gadget thing over at the sandstone spot, but he's scared."

"Scared of what?"

"Pete was brought up in spooky surroundings," Lenny laughed. "He's got a real respect for ghosts." He added, "Maybe I'd be as jumpy as Pete, too, if I'd liquidated as many as he has."

"Has he been busy in that line?"

"Real energetic," Lenny laughed.

"And you steal planes?"

"Just one, mate. Only the one. It couldn't be helped. The plane I was using pranged and burnt and I had to walk into Cook. Pete was out there on the desert waiting. I couldn't keep him waiting forever and there was the doctor's plane just sitting there asking to be taken off. What would you have done, mate?"

"What are you going to do with it when you're through?"

"We'll fly it out of the country, I suppose."

"It's got no range," Martin said. "How do you fill your tanks?"

"We've got it hidden around," Lenny said carelessly.

"What's it all for? This set-up?"

But Holt was coming back. Lenny heard him and went quickly back to his old position.

Please turn to page 48

Wealth from waste paper

THE cartoons in which you buy breakfast cereals, washing powders, and self-raising flour are made from waste paper.

Australia, short of raw material, puts to work every scrap of paper, clothing, and metal junk that can be collected.

Take that old jumper that you sold to the rag collector. After it has been boiled, rinsed, torn to pieces and fluffed, it is added to new wool and may come back to you as a scarf.

The more waste you hand to collectors, the cheaper the cost of replacements. You can read about Australia's wealth from waste in A.M. for April, now on sale.

minna come, Dibiana see they all bin dead fella. Dibiana waits like Kadaitcha. S'pose she see fella who killed. She comes. She is there. She is gone."

Holt looked across at Martin ironically. "That's bad country for me," he observed. "Don't you think, Stewart?"

"Any country," Martin said, "with your conscience."

He was still seeking the broad outlines of the plan. As far as he could see, Jackie wanted Holt to go out to the sandstone town after Steve's mythical party.

"Well, I'm not afraid of ghosts and being haunted," Holt said. He turned back to Jackie and asked him, "How far Dibiana's country?"

"Two days 'longa camels," Jackie told him.

Holt fell into thought. Jackie asked nervously, "Me go now?"

Holt nodded and Jackie skipped off. A little later, while Holt was still thinking, Martin heard the natives returning to their camp. Holt lifted his head and listened, too, then shrugged. "Quite a party of them," he grunted.

Presently Martin heard the

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CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW CAKE

I sponge sandwich. For topping and filling: 1 envelope (or 3 teaspoons) Davis Gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup hot water, ¼ cup cold water, ¼ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, thinly peeled rind of half a lemon, 2 egg whites, vanilla, few blanched almonds.

Place in saucepan cold water, sugar, cocoa, lemon rind. Boil for 3 minutes, remove, add dissolved gelatine. Strain. Cool. Beat egg whites till stiff, gradually adding chocolate mixture. Beat until very thick. Add few drops of vanilla. Spread quickly between halves of the cake and over top, sprinkling with shredded almonds. Serve with ice cream or custard.

* One of many delicious DAVIS Recipes...

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

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MS 21

PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Famous lawyer Perry Mason, his secretary Della, and private detective Paul Drake have taken the case of Tommy Hadley, whom police suspect murdered his foster-father, Pops O'Lean. Pops had a £5000 insurance policy for Tommy and his sister, Cricket. Tommy denies seeing a gun or bloody footprints which police matched with those on his shoes. However, he remembers a new convertible



TEENA

by Della Terry



FOR MY HUSBAND!

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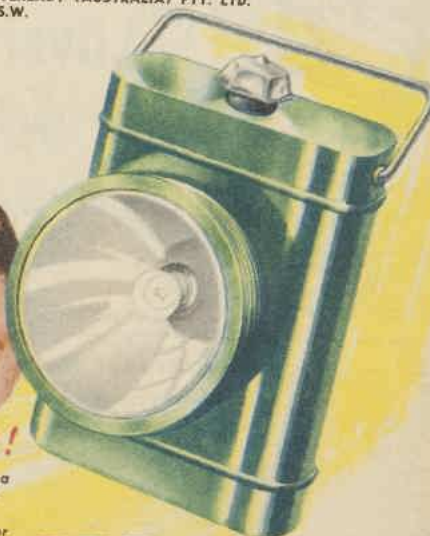
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PANCAKES and FRITTERS

From our Picture Cookery Book

**BY OUR FOOD AND
COOKERY EXPERTS**

In this picture you see pancakes and fritters just as you can make them yourself by following the simple recipes below. These were taken from our new Picture Cookery Book, in which every important step in the hundreds of recipes is photographed.

The advertisement on the opposite page tells you how to obtain the book.

A MIXTURE of eggs, milk, and flour, called a batter, may be used for a number of puddings, including pancakes and fritters. Batters must be beaten well to incorporate air, which expands during cooking and gives a light, puffed-up mixture.

Batters mixed with fresh eggs may, if convenient, be made a short while before they are required. If fresh eggs are not obtainable and dried eggs must be used, the batter must be cooked at once for good results.

Fritters should be served as quickly as possible after they are made, as they soon lose their freshness.

Most dry ingredients are given in ounces, but where spoon measurements are used they refer to rounded spoons—that means as much above the rim of the spoon as there is in the bowl of the spoon.

Recipes on this page call for rounded spoons, too.

BASIC BATTER

(For pancakes and fritters.)

Four ounces flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ rounded teaspoon salt, 1 egg, about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk or milk and water.

Sieve the flour and salt into a bowl. Make a well in the centre, drop in the egg, add half the milk by degrees and mix to a smooth batter, using a wooden spoon and gradually drawing in the flour from the sides. Now beat the batter until it is thoroughly aerated—5-10 minutes. This is best done with the back of the spoon, which is held like a pencil, the movement being made with the wrist. When it is well beaten (i.e., when the surface is covered with bubbles), stir in the rest of the milk to give the consistency of thin cream.

COATING BATTER

Four ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk or milk and water.

Make as pancake batter. For an economical batter suitable for fish, the egg may be omitted.

PANCAKES

Make the batter according to the basic recipe above, and, when well beaten, pour it into a jug. Melt a knob of lard in a smooth clean pan and pour off excess fat. When the fat is smoking pour in some batter.



Tilt pan so that batter just covers base; cook gently for 1-2 minutes, lifting up edges with a palette knife. When the pancake is done on one side, shake it away from you and, with an upward jerk, toss it over; cook other side. Place on a hot plate and sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice, or spread with warmed jam, and keep hot. Use a little fresh fat for each pancake.

STEAMED BATTER PUDDING

Four ounces flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 1oz. currants or other dried fruit, jam sauce.

Sieve the flour and salt and make a well in the centre. Add the eggs and mix in the flour gradually, adding the milk slowly. Beat well till the batter is full of bubbles. Grease 5 or 6 small moulds, put a few currants or other fruit at the bottom of each, half-fill with batter and cover with greased paper. Steam for about 25 minutes, until they are well risen. Serve with jam sauce.

As an alternative, omit the currants and put the batter in a greased basin. Cover carefully and steam for about 2 hours, or boil for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve with a fruit or marmalade sauce.

ATTRACTIVE PICTURE of mandarin pancakes and apple fritters is one of many beautiful color plates included in *The Australian Women's Weekly Picture Cookery Book*. (See opposite page.)

MANDARIN PANCAKES

When mixing the batter, add some very finely grated mandarin rind and sprinkle the cooked pancakes with castor sugar and mandarin juice before rolling them up. Serve with mandarin sauce, made as follows:

Two mandarins, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 1oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon brandy (optional).

Grate the rind of 1 mandarin and put it into a small pan with the juice of both mandarins, the lemon juice, water, sugar, and brandy, if used. Simmer for 7-10 minutes, strain and serve at once.

APPLE FRITTERS

Coating batter, cooking apples, fat for frying, sugar.

Make some coating batter according to the directions given, then make the fritters. Peel, slice, and core the apples for fritters. To

prevent discoloration, drop rings in a bowl of slightly salt water. Rinse the rings and dip them in the coating batter, using a skewer to lift them out. Put them into smoking hot fat. Fry until golden-brown on one side, then turn them over to cook the other side. Drain before serving. They may be rolled in sugar or accompanied by a sweet sauce.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

Follow the basic recipe for batter and use about 1 tablespoonful of dripping from the roast meat for cooking the batter.

Yorkshire pudding may be made in a large tin and cut into squares before serving, or it may be made in small tins. An average-sized Yorkshire pudding in a large shallow tin or fireproof dish will take about 40 minutes to bake in a hot oven. Small ones take about 15 minutes.

Put the dripping in the tin before pouring in the batter. If using small tins, use a little dripping in each of the patty-tins and put these in the oven to get hot.

Pour batter into the tins, filling them about half full, and put in a hot oven.

As soon as the puddings are golden brown, well risen, and cooked through, put them round the meat and serve while they are hot.



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Cosy knitted cardigan

MADE in thick Totem wool, this quick-knit cardigan is designed for a three-to-four-year-old.

Materials: Patons "Totem" knitting wool (this is the only wool which should be used), shade 3037, lemon — size A, 7oz.; size B, 8oz.; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 10 knitting needles; 9 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit A, 21-22in. chest; B, 23-24in. chest. Length from top of shoulder: A, 12½in.; B, 13½in. Length of sleeve from underarm: A, 10in.; B, 11in. (or length desired).

Tension: 11½ sts. to 2in. in width.

Note: The instructions are given for size A. Instructions for larger size (B) are given in brackets, thus (B—...).

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 36 (B 39) sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

2nd Row: K 6, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row. Rep. these 2 rows 9 (B 9) times.

Change to No. 7 needles and proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 6, p to end of row.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 8½in. (B 9½in.) from commencement, ending with 2nd row. Cast off 4 (B 4) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at armhole edge in every alt. row until 28 (B 30) sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until work measures 10½in. (B 11in.) ending at armhole edge.

Next Row: K 20 (B 22) sts., turn.

Leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Working on these 20 (B 22) sts., dec. once at beg. of next and every alt. row until 16 (B 18) sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until work measures 12½in. (B 13½in.) ending at neck edge.

Shoulder Shaping. — **1st Row:** Purl to last 8 (B 9) sts., turn.

2nd Row: Knit to end of row. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with the left front, working shap-



DIRECTIONS FOR KNITTING this cardigan are given in two sizes. Made in simple stocking-stitch, it's a sturdy little garment that will take a lot of hard wear.

ings at opposite ends of needle and making buttonholes as follows:

Make 1st buttonhole in 4th and 5th (B 6th and 7th) rows, then make a buttonhole in following 7th and 8th rows three times—4 buttonholes—(B twice, 3 buttonholes), then make buttonholes 1½in. apart until 8 in all have been worked.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Work in patt. to last 5 sts., cast off 2 sts., k 3.

2nd Row: K 3, cast on 2 sts., work in patt. to end of row.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 64 sts. (B 70) sts. Work 20 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 7 needles and work in plain, smooth fabric until back measures same as front to armhole. Cast off 4 (B 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of next and every alternate row until 48 (B 54) sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures same as front armhole, ending with a purl row.

Shoulder Shaping. — **1st and 2nd Rows:** Work to last 8 (B 9) sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 16 (B 18) sts., turn.

5th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 36 (B 38) sts. Work 20

rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 7 needles and work in plain, smooth fabric, inc. once each end of needle in 9th and every following 6th row until 48 (B 50) sts. are on needle.

Cont. without shaping until sleeve measures 10in. (B 11in.) from commencement, ending with a purl row.

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 40 (B 40) sts. rem., then dec. once each end of every row until 10 (B 10) sts. rem. Cast off.

NECK BAND

Using a ½in. back-stitch seam, sew up shoulder seams. Using No. 10 needles, slip 8 (B 8) sts. from right front on to end of needle, then knit up 47 (B 49) sts. around neck, then knit 8 sts. from spare needle.

1st Row: K 6, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7. Work 5 rows in rib, keeping front 6 sts. at each edge in garter-stitch.

Next Row: Work in patt. to last 5 sts., cast off 2 sts., k 3.

Next Row: K 3, cast on 2 sts., work in patt. to end of row.

Work one more row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Using a damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

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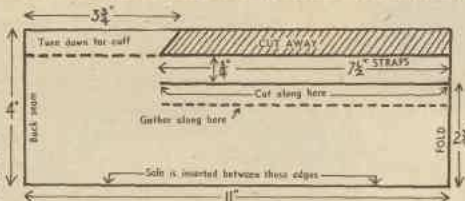
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HAND-MADE SLIPPERS



SNUG SLIPPERS. The pattern and directions for making are given below for an average-size foot, but they can be adapted for other sizes.



HAND-SEWN bedroom slippers with a comfortable ankle-strap are quickly and inexpensively made in felt with a light cork sole.

Other fabrics, such as wool or cosy blanket-cloth, could be used in place of the felt. For harder wear, the cork sole can be reinforced by gluing on an extra sole.

These are the directions to follow. The measurements and instructions are shown on the pattern above.

Materials: 1 pair cork soles; 2 pieces felt, each 22in. long and 4in. wide (for size 5 slipper).

To Make: Fold one piece of felt in half along the width and whip the two 4in. edges

neatly together. Place this seam on the centre back of the sole and whip the felt all round the sole edge.

Following the diagram and working from toe end of the felt, cut a 7 1/2in. slit at a point 2 1/2in. along the fold above the toe tip (cut through both thicknesses of felt). Make a similar slit 1/2in. above the first.

Measure off 3 1/2in. from the back seam along the top edge, and from this point cut down in a slant to the end of the top slit, removing these two top strips.

Turn down the cuff formed and saddle-stitch it in place.

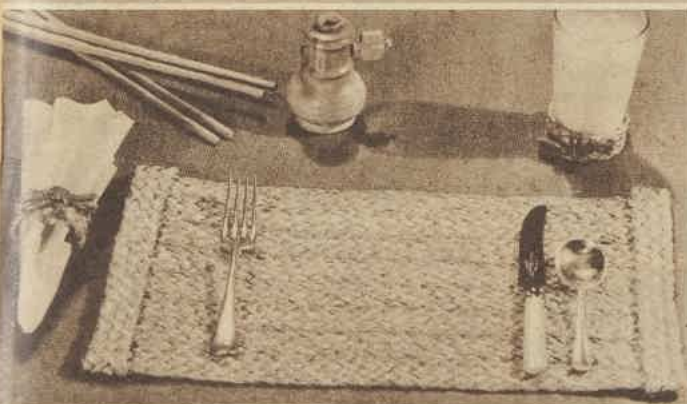
Cut the loose straps in halves at the fold to form ties. Run a strong gathering thread from one cuff tip across the front section and round to the corresponding cuff tip, placing it 1/2in. below the edge.

With the foot inside, draw up the thread to fit the slipper comfortably. Fasten off securely. Make the other slipper in the same way.

For other sizes, buy the size of sole required and simply measure accurately right round the edge of the sole to get the length of felt required.

Keep it the same width and make according to directions.

Seagrass breakfast set



A BRAIDED seagrass place-mat, serviette, and glass-holder are attractive for individual breakfast settings.

Here are the directions and the materials to make a set:

Materials: 5yds. braided seagrass, 1in. wide; a sailmaker's needle; raffia strands; clear lacquer.

To Make: For the place-mat, cut eight 16in. strips of braid and two pieces for the ends, 11in. long. Roll the cut braid in a wet towel for about 30 minutes—this makes the braid pliable—then oversew the eight strips firmly together on the wrong side with raffia.

BRAIDED SEAGRASS bought by the yard is used to make this three-piece breakfast set. A coat of clear lacquer gives it a durable finish.

Finish the mat neatly by sewing one of the smaller strips of braid to each end. Stretch the mat gently to an even shape, and, if necessary, press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Pin it on a flat surface and brush with a coat of clear lacquer.

Sew an 8 1/2in. strip of braid for the serviette-ring and a 9 1/2in. strip for the glass-holder into round shapes. Trim at the join with a bow of raffia and coat each with lacquer.

Layette patterns

EXPECTANT mothers who are not quite sure of the clothes to get for a new baby will welcome the layette recommended by Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse.

This simple and practical 12-piece layette includes nightgowns, dresses, carrying-coat, matinee jacket, undershirt, flannel pilchers, bonnet, booties, bib, and mittens.

Patterns for the set may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price, 3/6 (postage free).

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Page 45



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J7



L7



M6



V5

M6 Mantel Model... very attractive plastic cabinet in ivory, walnut or burgundy... dial brightly lit with all stations in big, clear letters... permanent identification of knots printed in dial scale... reflection in A.C. model for maximum sensitivity... 6½" P.M. speaker... 4 miniature Radiotron valves.

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J7 Standard Portable... Hotpoint world range receiver... particularly good on short wave... gives extra strong reception in country districts even where medium wave reception is difficult... 5 miniature Radiotron valves... 5½" P.M. speaker... low battery drain... "on-off" switch incorporates battery-saving feature... batteries contained inside receiver with inbuilt aerial.

L7 Lightweight Portable... only 10 lbs., including batteries, and small in size (11" x 5½" x 8")... tone and volume equal to much larger and heavier portables... new modern shatter-proof polystyrene plastic cabinet with lustrous finish—comfortable carrying handle... 4 miniature Radiotron valves... 4" P.M. speaker... special power unit available for 240v. A.C. operation.

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superb entertainment...
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W5



M3

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Souffle wins £5



FOR AN APPETISER before a main dinner dish—mix leftover vegetables with white sauce flavored with cheese and onion. Top with crumbs and cheese, dot with butter, and brown in the oven.

Two delicious sweets, one flavored with lemon, the other with pineapple, win prizes for readers in this week's popular contest.

LEMON souffle, which wins the main prize of £5, is a "special-occasion" treat in these days of high prices, because it contains three eggs.

During cooking, the top becomes light and fluffy and a rich lemon-date sauce forms underneath.

Pineapple bavaroise could be made successfully by substituting $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of smooth custard for the $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cream. All spoon-measurements are level.

LEMON SOUFFLE

One cup sugar, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, pinch salt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter or other shortening, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, grated rind and juice of 1 lemons (a little more than $\frac{1}{2}$ cup), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates, 2oz. chopped walnuts.

Thoroughly mix sugar, sifted flour and salt. Add softened butter, beat until well blended. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat yolks lightly, add milk. Mix with sugar and flour; add grated lemon rind and juice. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold into mixture with dates and walnuts. Pour into greased ovenware dish, bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. R. Edwards, 47 Market St., Fremantle, W.A.

PINEAPPLE BAVAROISE
Half pint dissolved lemon jelly, 4oz. tinned (or cooked)

pineapple pieces, sponge fingers (or fingers of sponge cake), 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint syrup from pineapple, 4 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream.

Set a thin layer of jelly in bottom of wetted mould. Decorate with half the pineapple, add a little more jelly and allow to set. Line mould with sponge fingers, trickle balance of jelly over and allow to set. Dissolve sugar and gelatine in hot pineapple syrup, allow to cool. Fold in milk and lightly whipped cream, then balance of pineapple pieces. When beginning to thicken spoon into mould, chill until set.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. H. Walker, R.S.M. 305, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

FISH IN POTATO-CASES

Six medium-sized potatoes, pepper, salt, nut of butter, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley, 1 small tin salmon (or fish cutlets), paprika.

Scrub and dry potatoes. Prick with a fork, bake in moderate oven until tender. Cut in halves, remove pulp, mash thoroughly. Add pepper, salt, butter, milk, onion, parsley and drained, flaked fish. Mix well. Fill back into potato-cases, piling up in the centre. Dust with paprika. Return to moderate oven to reheat and brown on top.

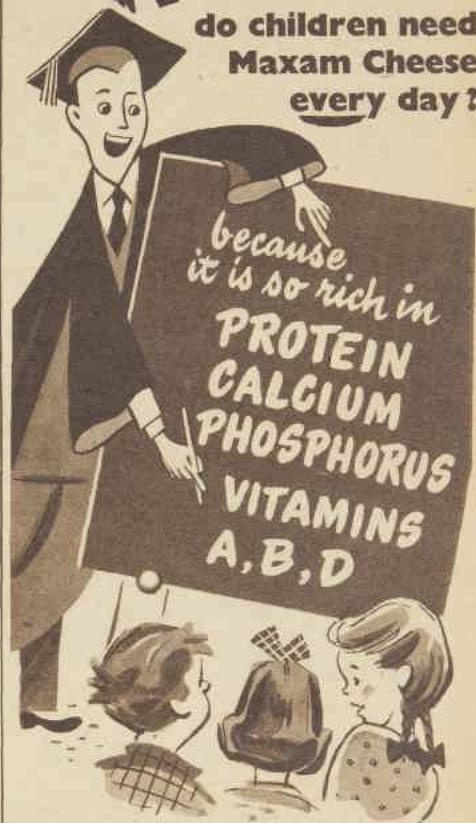
Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. D. Bunte, Flat 1, 34 Howitt St., South Yarra, Vic.



WHEN BUTTER IS SCARCE, lanchon sandwiches can be a problem. Stretch a small quantity of butter by creaming it with a little warm milk or with an equal quantity of butter substitute.

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Morning Blue

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Ideal for your lounge-room, sun-room or bedroom, Morning Blue is a well-chosen, flattering, light-hearted colour with a bright future. Morning Blue, like all of the Kemtone range of colours, goes on quickly, easily and dries in an hour.



Kem-tone is a de-luxe wall paint, made by the Berger Group of Companies. It goes on walls, smoothly, easily, dries in an hour—you can colour-style a complete room in less than a day. Kem-tone can also be painted over wall paper. It's durable—you can wash Kem-tone walls as often as needed and they lose none of their natural lustre.



Kem-Tone

- ★ Kem-tone is the oil paint that mixes with water
- ★ Kem-tone is ready for use and easily applied
- ★ One gallon of Kem-tone is sufficient for the average sized room
- ★ Kem-tone may be applied over wall-paper, fibre, wall-board and similar surfaces, paint and plaster.
- ★ Kem-tone is available in quart and gallon cans



Manufactured by the Berger Group of Companies:

Lewis Berger & Sons (Australia) Pty. Limited
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 Rogers Paint & Varnish Company

HOLT stopped and Martin heard him say to Lenny, "We'll pull out first thing in the morning." He wondered whether Holt had conquered his feelings or was returning to the Rock. Holt didn't enlighten him. He sat smoking for a while in silence, then rolled up in his blanket and went to sleep. Martin had gone over the situation so often and so thoroughly there weren't any more angles left, so presently he too fell asleep.

Some time during the night he awoke. The stars were large and bright up through the tree-tops. The native camp was in silence, but cicadas chirped madly. He turned over on his side and looked for the guard. Lenny was still sitting against the tree; there was sufficient light left in the fire to show him up. He was staring out into the darkness.

Then Martin caught a movement in the trees beyond, but Lenny kept his rifle across his knees. He could see better what the movement was than Martin and he wasn't worrying.

Martin kept still but watched. Presently Lenny looked across, first at Holt and then at him. He closed his eyes. When he opened them again Lenny was standing his rifle against the tree. Then quietly he crept off into the bush.

Some date Lenny had made with one of the native girls, Martin thought, and wondered whether it was June. Then he wondered whether it was all part of the pattern, that Lenny was being lured into the bush for some other purpose than romance.

He lay for a long while watching the rifle, half expecting somebody to creep up and take it. Then he began to wonder whether that was the part he was to play, to creep over and take the gun.

There was no way of telling and he didn't want to spoil it all if he hadn't a part, so he simply lay and waited.

Two hours passed, so Martin calculated, and still Lenny didn't return and the rifle stood against the tree. He finally decided that Lenny's absence was part of a plan, and not an unrelated romantic interlude, which meant that he had to get the rifle himself.

He had been lying so long in the one position, watching the rifle, he was cramped, and when he moved his actions were a little clumsy, so that, in his anxiety, he knocked awkwardly against some firewood.

In a moment Holt was awake, reaching for his rifle. He looked around wildly for a moment, then his eyes settled on Martin. He levelled his rifle.

Holt had impressed Martin with his nonchalance, but he was a different creature now, clambering out of his rugs, keeping Martin covered, yet trying to look all ways at once. In the glow that remained in the fire, the whites of his eyes gleamed. There was a shrill note in the way he started calling for Lenny.

Martin felt sick with disappointment and disgust. As he stayed where he was, on his knees, he knew himself for a blundering fool for, whether it had been created by Dawn or circumstances, he had had a golden opportunity of turning the tables on Holt and had muffed it. He couldn't believe he had been so stupid.

Holt continued calling for Lenny. After a while Martin said shortly, "Cut it out, Holt. You're hysterical."

Holt turned all his fright on Martin. He snarled, "You're in this. Where's Lenny? If Lenny's gone, I'll fix you, you and Steve and the others. What have you done with Lenny? Go on, tell me."

A shot whined past Martin's ear. Holt was shouting wildly above the noise, "Was it Steve? Was it Steve?"

The Red Centre

Continued from page 39

Martin said coolly, "Lenny went bush with a girl."

"A girl? What girl? You tell me fast or I shoot again."

"I didn't see her. I just saw a movement in the bush. Lenny got up and left."

"One of those native girls," Holt said. But suddenly he changed. He sounded relieved and he fell quiet.

After a while he went across to the tree where Lenny's rifle lay. He picked it up and returned. From his kneeling position Martin watched him empty the magazine. Then he tossed the rifle aside.

"I'll teach him," he said savagely; then to Martin, "All right. Roll up in your rug again and keep your back to me. I'm waiting for Lenny."

Martin wrapped the rug around him and lay still. He was thinking, Holt woke up in terror. It wasn't Steve he was worried about. There was something else in his mind and it was still there when I mentioned the girl. Lenny was right. Holt is scared of ghosts. He's got Dibiana on his mind.

Martin fell asleep with Dibiana on his mind, too. So that round about dawn he was being pursued by a glowing shape that had not substance but held aloft a spear that was beyond all doubt an article of this world. When it left the shape and came flying through the air he couldn't dodge it.

It struck him in the back and he leapt sideways. He landed on all fours and stared up at Holt standing close with the rifle barrel hanging downwards.

Holt barked nervously, "What's wrong with you?" He had built up the fire. Above it, in the east, the sky was lemon-yellow.

"You didn't have to poke me in the back to wake me up," Martin snapped.

"Did you have a nightmare?"

Martin straightened up. He said, "You and I have Dibiana in our hair. She was just spearing me."

Holt stiffened and Martin saw his eyes narrow. "I don't want any cracks like that," he snarled. "Just remember that."

Martin noticed then that Holt had a length of rope looped on his arm. He looked round. There was no sign of Lenny. He listened. By that hour the natives would be stirring, getting their fires going. But the only sound he could hear was the noise made by the camels' hobbles.

Holt said, "I've got things to do. I'm going to tie you up while I'm gone. Turn round."

up while I'm gone. Turn round."

He tied Martin to a tree, and made off down the gully.

Martin watched him go with sudden alarm. If Holt woke his vengeance upon the safari, Dawn might suffer more directly or indirectly. He started to curse softly.

But no shots were fired and when Holt returned he was leading the camels. The natives have cleared out, he announced.

Martin didn't answer. He was too relieved to speak.

Holt propped his rifle against the tree and began loading the camels. He wasn't as much as Steve at this, but eventually he got them loaded. He started to have abandoned any hope of Lenny returning.

When he was through he prepared a quick breakfast and untied Martin. He said, "You're lucky, Stewart, you'll ride instead of walk."

Martin said dryly: "That's the first time I've ever got anywhere out of romance."

"You were well on your way, though," Holt said, "with Miss Storey here." He added, "I haven't yet worked it out why you stayed here while the others went over to the sandstone patch."

"That makes two puzzles," Martin said. "Have you worked out what's happened to Lenny?"

"If you knew Lenny you wouldn't ask that. He's making for days every now and again," he snarled. "The time when he comes back he has the smug look of a man who has won a bet. There won't be anybody around."

"So we're going over to the sandstone town."

Holt nodded. He said next, "And I don't want any fuss, Stewart. You're not a very good insurance risk at the moment."

"If Lenny goes bush permanently," Martin said evenly, "you might like having me around. You're not exactly a good insurance risk yourself with no pilot for your plane."

Holt gave him a hard look. "So you've figured that out. But don't bank too much on it. There are plenty of drawbacks to your flying me out, remember."

Martin had to admit to himself that there were, but he was feeling much better. Lenny's disappearance, whether planned or fortuitous, had given him an edge on Holt.

Holt got to his feet. "All right," he said, "clean up the mess and we'll go."

Please turn to page 50

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

CHILDREN can have fun with almost anything.

Have you ever seen youngsters who have got hold of a cardboard carton or two? If it is big enough, they will use it as a house or a cave.

If they have several, they may make a tower, which they'll delightedly topple over. It may be that a good-sized carton will be used as transportation. It's great fun for a youngster to be pushed or pulled in a box that slides easily on floor or footpath.

Now and again, if you don't mind a little mess, bring home a few cartons from the neighborhood grocer and let the youngsters have them for whatever use they want to make of them. You can be almost sure that they'll have a lot of fun. After the boxes have become bedraggled, it's easy enough to dispose of them.



Fun with boxes

Cardboard cartons are good for more permanent projects, too. Excellent doll-houses can be made from them. Large ones are suitable for indoor playhouses for the youngsters themselves. You may have help to cut out windows, but the young ones will want to do their own house-building and will show surprising results.

THE BEDROOM: Pretty but practical

By JOAN MARTIN

No matter how luxurious or glamorous your bedroom looks, its decoration scheme will be a failure unless plenty of thought has been given to practical considerations.

FUNDAMENTAL requirement is a good mattress. If possible have an inter-spring mattress. It will last a lifetime and will well repay the cost.

A good reading light is the second requirement. Is there anything more irritating than a so-called "bedside lamp"—that wobbly bit of furniture with a shade so frilled and beaded that it quite defeats its object?

The very best light I have seen is the goose-neck type, which can be screwed to the back of the bedhead.

Being designed purely to give the best possible light, and not as an ornament, its great advantage is that it is sufficiently flexible to be folded from view behind the bed when not required and can be pulled over and down to provide a perfect pool of light when necessary.

Where there is a double bed, two of these lamps supply the complete answer to the old problem of how one can comfortably read without disturbing the other.

The furnishing of the room will depend largely on the person or persons for whom the room is being planned.

If for a married couple, there are numerous considerations. Is the room to be used as a dressing-room for both or is there a separate dressing-room for the man?

If the room must be shared by both, lack of space may be your problem, but with careful planning, and, if possible, the use of built-in furniture, much can be achieved.

You may long for a frilly-skirted dressing-table, but don't expect a man to share your enthusiasm! It is better to plan a room that is devoid of all fussiness but will nevertheless be colorful and smart.

It would take too long here to discuss the shapes of cupboard space in detail—I will devote an article to it later—but the sketch below left may help solve the problem of a dressing-table that can be shared by both.

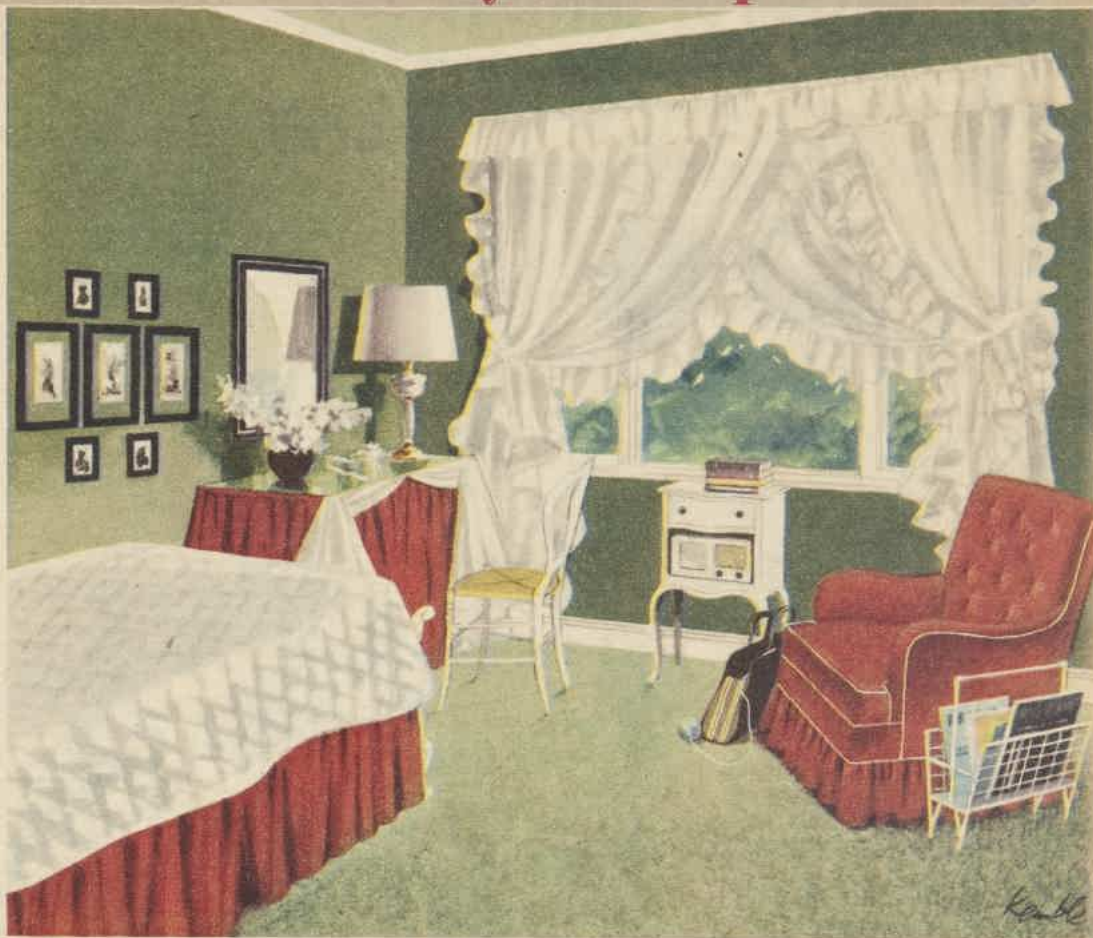
Although it is not necessary to have knee room for the man, his part of the table could well serve a double purpose and be used as a desk. Otherwise the space will provide more room for drawers.

This arrangement may take up the best part of one wall, but will prove a space saver in the end, as it takes the place of dressing-table, two chests of drawers, and a cupboard for shoes.

The color scheme for this bedroom need not be limited, but a sophisticated rather than a pastel effect would be best.

Try using a deep shade of pink (blotting-paper pink is attractive) on the walls, and for the curtains and spread a figured or floral material that introduces a cocoa-brown.

For your picture frames, if any, and chair, use a deep green.



Frisly white curtains and bedspread are always lovely, and could still be used if the walls are papered or painted a dark color. Deep green, blue, yellow, and coral look truly beautiful when offset with crisp white.

As a contrast to the frills, have a formal grouping of pictures on the wall. There are cheap and pleasant prints which, when uniformly framed (in black would be smart), would give the room a tailored look.

Maybe the bedroom you are planning is purely feminine—no need to consider the prosaic male! Let yourself go, and make it as soft and pretty as you desire.

You may intend freshening up what is already there, giving the room new curtains and spread and making the most of the furniture you now have.

How often it happens that with the new curtains and covers all else in the room seems shabby and old!

There is not enough money left to do very much more, and we are left with a flat and disappointed feeling about what was to have been an exciting experiment.

With the same material you have used in the room, or using a contrasting color, cover the top of an ordinary unpainted table.

Have a handy man hinge a board across the front, opening in the middle to allow the skirt to swing back. Make two skirts (the fullness should be at least double) that go from the sides at back to the centre front.

Hem the sides and front and shirr three rows deep across the top. Tack this to the table and arms, add a braid or a swag to cover the join, and as a practical measure cover the table with plate glass.

By adding a hanging mirror or attaching a triple mirror you will have a very pretty dressing-table.

The bed, too, can be given a new look. If it is too high to be modern, have the legs shortened. Around the frame of the bed attach a valance which can contrast with or match the spread. These valances are better on a foundation of unbleached calico, which can be placed between the spring and the mattress.

FRILLY white curtains add softness and femininity to an essentially tailored bedroom. Several color schemes for redecorating a bedroom are suggested on this page.

This stays in place at all times, and even when the spread is removed at night the bed will still look attractive. The spread need only be long enough to cover the top of the valance.

The bedhead may look out-dated, but don't be dismayed. Remove any knobs or obstructions, then slip-cover it. Material that matches the spread or the color of the wall, and quilted to give it body, will transform it completely.

You may have an old radio set in your room. It is probably a mantel model, dark brown in coloring and shabby. A small pot of white enamel will make it fresh and "bedroomy"—and you could add a profusion of transfers of butterflies or flowers.

Other small accessories—vases and lamp-stands—could be similarly decorated.



PRACTICAL SUGGESTION is a double dressing-table. The man's portion may be used alternatively as a desk. A unit of this type would obviate the need for chests of drawers and shoe cupboard. It should be painted the same color as the walls.



THE BEST TYPE of bed-lamp is the goose-neck type, which swings back out of sight behind the bedhead when not in use.



DECORATION SCHEME for a smaller bedroom or bed-sitting-room. Tailored bed-covers are practical and long-lasting.



CREAM OF TARTAR

—the outstanding food improver
for modern recipes

Cream of Tartar is made from pure grape juice and its fine white crystals are known to food chemists as potassium bitartrate. Potassium is an essential element of human muscle and blood cells.

Make sure! Use care in buying self-raising flour and baking powder. Make sure that each package is labelled "Contains Cream of Tartar." Cream of Tartar has special qualities as a rising ingredient, bringing out the natural flavours of the other ingredients without introducing any foreign taste. It has a whitening effect, particularly on scones, and helps to preserve more of the valuable Vitamin B, of other ingredients in the recipe.



Even-rising. The even rising from Cream of Tartar begins to take place in the dough mix before going into the oven. The gluten in the flour is softened; this holds the carbon dioxide bubbles in the dough and the rising is completed when the mixture is placed in the hot oven.



Fondants, icings, frostings, confectionery. Cream of Tartar has an important use in fondants, icings, frostings and confectionery. It helps to make a smoother mixture by preventing the sugar from crystallising, and it is cheaper and easier to obtain than glucose. It is absolutely essential to the making of good meringues. Use a quarter teaspoon of Cream of Tartar when beating up the egg whites. This makes the whites firmer, holds up the structure of the meringue and prevents any discolouration.



Made from pure grapes; it's Nature's own rising ingredient.

A famous cookery expert, writing for pastrycooks, states that meringue can be made without Cream of Tartar, but the best results are obtained by using it. Cream of Tartar makes meringues high, firm and billowy.



HINT! To cut meringue without sticking, smear the knife with a touch of butter.



HINTS ON ECONOMY WITH EGGS & POTATOES!

Eggs and potatoes are expensive. Here are some hints which will help you get the most out of dishes which use these two foods.

Mashed Potatoes. Add one heaped teaspoon of Cream of Tartar Baking Powder to each four-person serving of mashed potatoes—no milk or butter needed. Food scientists have proved that Cream of Tartar has a special whitening effect on potatoes.

Omelettes and Scrambled Eggs. For every six eggs use one teaspoon of Cream of Tartar Baking Powder, adding to the mixture just before cooking. Cream of Tartar makes egg whites firm and thus improves the structure of the omelette, making it lighter, tastier.

Important. Baking Powder must contain Cream of Tartar to ensure the best results on these special recipes. Look for the words "Cream of Tartar" on the label and you can be sure that it will improve the colour and bring out the natural flavour of mashed potato and egg dishes.

Meat or Fish Cakes, Rissoles, etc. Always add a teaspoon of Cream of Tartar Baking Powder when mixing the flour into these recipes. It will make them lighter and more pleasant.

Steak and Kidney, or other Stewing Mix. When cooking steak and kidney, or other stewing mix, add a quarter teaspoon of pure Cream of Tartar. This will make the meat more tender quickly.



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As they left the gully Holt looked back. But no gay whistling to denote Lenny's last-minute return broke the stillness and Holt's frown did not lift. Life at that moment was more than a little complicated for him.

He did not trouble to search for and follow tracks. He told Martin he had obtained full directions from Jackie the previous night.

Martin looked up at the escarpments of the Petermanns, over the sea of acacias, casuarinas, and the fresh green kurrajongs, and wondered whether the natives were going his way. If everything was running to a plan he might expect the next move any time.

At the camp that night Holt tied Martin to a tree, but sat up most of the night watching. Next morning he was sleepy and sullen and Martin could see that he had been giving a lot of thought to his predicament.

Holt had no doubt worked it out that whereas two men with rifles could handle many situations, one man with two rifles was only effective while he was awake. And he couldn't stay awake all the time.

Holt didn't speak all that day. He couldn't doze in the saddle because he had to watch for the landmarks. When the country changed late in the day to mulga scrub and standstone ridges he looked even more moody.

He spoke for the first time after dinner.

"We've got to find the place now." He was very edgy.

Martin said cheerfully, "That ought to be easy. We just quarter the country."

"Steve would go straight there." Did he tell you anything?

"Only about the spooky feeling he got," Martin said unwisely.

Holt picked up his rifle. "Any more of that from you," he said harshly, "and you'll be doing some haunting of your own."

Martin subsided.

Holt turned and lay on his back, looking up at the sky. They were camped on a plain, in a little clearing in the mulga scrub park. Through the scrub, he was thinking, natives could crawl and practically touch them without being seen.

The fire was not the comforting thing it was among trees which reflected the glow. Its glow went up and was lost in the open sky.

An hour later, Holt said suddenly, "Look, Stewart, you and I could make a deal, couldn't we?" His voice was persuasive.

"Depends on the deal."

"Well, the basic point is we

The Red Centre

Continued from page 48

both want to get out alive, don't we?"

Martin nodded. He said, "That's very true. Being a heap of bones isn't my ambition."

"I've got no desire to end up like that either. So this is what I'll do for you, Stewart. I'll leave your party strictly alone if you fly me out. You can have somebody sitting behind me with this rifle if you like. As long as you drop me somewhere I can get away I'll be content."

Martin stared. This was a complete surrender.

"Have you thought," he asked softly, "that once you do that, you're entirely in our hands?"

Holt said, "It would be a deal. I'd take your word you'd carry it through." He added harshly, "The alternative is to shoot you and try to get through alone."

Martin asked, "Have you given Lenny away?"

"I have a feeling about Lenny," Holt said. "I don't think Lenny's going to come back."

Martin looked away. The mental disturbance he had had, followed by sleepless nights, had worked Holt up into a state of nerves. Now he felt psychic. The proposition he had put up was defensive and ill-balanced, showing he had become desperate.

Rather desperately, Martin tried to think how he could profit by the unexpected development, but always before him was the possibility that any move he might make might clash with Dawn's plans.

It seemed the only thing he could do was to stall for time, making certain, however, that Holt would not put his alternative idea into operation.

He turned back. "I can't make any pact just now that would be binding on my partners," he said. "I'd like them to be in it."

Holt nodded. "I plan to have them in it. They won't be expecting us, of course." He raised his rifle significantly. "I want them to be in it."

He said no more but fell broodingly silent. Martin was content to let it rest at that. He couldn't talk about the moral issues involved, the fact that Holt would have to stand trial for the murder of the Professor. And above all that Dawn would undoubtedly refuse to strike a bargain with her father's killer.

Holt, with Lenny gone, seemed to have lost all his bal-

ance, perhaps because he knew his own limitations in the desert. But once in the plane he was trapped.

Remembering that he had underestimated the man before, Martin searched for catches in the proposition. He couldn't find any, but they could be there. Holt might be planning treachery.

Martin fell asleep. When he awoke Holt was still sitting. What sleep he had got must have been purely of the cat-nap variety.

For a moment, while he stared up at the brightening sky, Martin felt a sense of disappointment. Nothing had happened. He reasoned that natives can't travel as fast as camels. Dawn couldn't, any way. They've got to have time to catch up.

He felt somewhat better reasoning that way, although the niggling thought remained that perhaps there was no plan and that everything that had happened to date had been a constant.

Holt released him from the rope and ordered him to get breakfast. While he sat and watched, Holt's head kept falling heavily on his chest.

After breakfast Holt said the word search around until he found Steve's party or the camel. Holt started to look for camel pads as soon as they were riding. Martin, knowing better, looked only for the sandstone town.

It was late in the day when they found it. It lay between two ridges about a mile apart and on the crest of one the looked down upon it.

Used now to the weird and astonishing phenomena of the desert had to offer Martin was prepared not to be surprised. But his eyes opened as he gazed. For with the skill of both architect and builder, the wind had fashioned from the sandstone the streets and buildings of a miniature city.

The streets were long and there were intersections. The buildings were not quite as high, but a long way down the valley Martin could see some tall ones. They gave the impression of a broken skyline of the city section.

The wind had worked on the facades of the buildings so that they looked as if they were constructed of polished yellow stone. But there were some with pitted faces and the tops of others had collapsed. The columns of one building on the corner would have graced the entrance to a bank.

Please turn to page 52

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Capture adieu? (4, 6, 5).
- Perform a kiss in ease with a shrewd one (7).
- Feline turned about to provide (11).
- To search in documents containing a slippery creature (5).
- I in the middle of an organ, clamor (5).
- O by A (5).
- Vapor of mates (5).
- Be crippled to censure (5).
- Taxi in small, rude dwelling (5).
- Occurrence in smooth tea (5).
- No heraldic green tincture is patent (5).
- The first of it is for fools (5).
- Narrow strips made out of a pest (5).
- No local assessment can make speech (5).
- Portia's waiting-maid (7).
- Poet was bothered. (Anagr. 2, 3, 5).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Peruse after tea and walk (5).
- Sound of bell the end of which was dear to Charles II (5).
- Lead musical instrument is another musical instrument (5).
- To clear tea (Anagr. 10).
- Tilt a jargon (4).
- When fifty gull a sailor and the French it is possible to acquire knowledge by study (9).
- Mile a boat (Anagr. 8).
- Symbol upset tea in natural product of the soil (9).
- Consume shaken tea (3).
- The last hilt (10).
- Religious ceremony consisting of a cyst and a sheep in the French tea (9).
- Brass mare may impede (9).
- The shaken moon and you in a box is soliloquy (9).
- Before the unmarried name of a married woman (3).
- Plunder is the bigger half of pilferage (5).
- Pa has a Turkish governor of a province (5).
- Holy man and stoppage (5).
- A toy on the summit (4).

This

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M

MARTIN gazed about him, feeling positively awed. "Now I've really seen everything," he murmured. "I can't see Steve's party."

Holt growled. "Where would he be?"

"Down town," Martin said absently.

Holt scowled and looked up at the sky. It was less than an hour above the horizon. He said, "If we camp up here we might see their fire."

They found a small clearing just below the crest facing the township. The mulga scrub ran low and stunted from there down to the outskirts of the sandstone town.

Martin, now the cook of the outfit, had a meal prepared before the sun went down. Holt had unloaded the animals, but instead of hobbling them and tethering them, he had let them roam.

"They might wander into Steve's camp and give the alarm," he said, but this explanation was too forced and Martin thought the reason was that Holt was nervous and might want to leave fast.

After dinner Holt let the fire die out and went back to the crest of the ridge to look for fires. While he was away Martin sat and watched the sandstone town. He remembered what Steve had told him about the luminous properties of the sandstone, and presently became conscious of a glow which emanated from the city.

It was not the definite glow that one sees in the sky at night above a city, but something more delicate, as if the street lamps of the sandstone town were fairy's wands. Or the light, Martin thought with an uncomfortable feeling, that emanates from a spirit.

Apart from that, however, he was not conscious of any occult influence at work on him.

The Red Centre

Continued from page 50

He hadn't expected that he would be.

But Holt must have noticed the glow and become uneasy. For he came down from the crest rather noisily and sat himself down hard on a box. He said angrily, "I can't see any fires. Where would they be?"

Martin took his eyes off the glow. He suggested, "Perhaps they're camped the other side of the opposite ridge." Holt wasn't likely to cross the sandstone town at night and time was what he wanted.

Holt grunted, "I'm going back to-morrow, whatever happens. I've had this."

Martin nodded. The fire was only ashes now and if the natives were following they would only have the camel tracks to guide them.

He asked, "But won't you try out the Geiger-Muller counter before you go?" He was interested in the sandstone from a professional point of view now. "I'm throwing in my chips," Holt said sourly. "Haven't you caught on?"

"I know. But now we're here."

"You can try it out in the morning if there's time," Holt said irritably. "But don't bother me with it now."

Martin turned his attention back to the sandstone. There was a hush over the land so that the noises made by the camels sounded startlingly loud.

In the sky the stars looked overcast and lazy, very dull, due perhaps, Martin thought, to the phosphorescence in the sandstone invading the atmosphere. The faint radiance extended outwards, too, so that the light on the ridges was good.

Holt was sitting up straight. His head showed no signs of drooping on his chest. Martin regretted that Jackie had told him about the legend and Dibi-

ana's ceaseless vigil for the purpose of visiting vengeance upon all those who killed. Holt was too alert and watchful to be surprised.

Thinking Holt might relax, if he turned in for the night, he spread out his blanket. Promptly Holt growled, "You're not going to sleep already, are you?"

"I'm ready," Martin said, and yawned.

Holt didn't come over with the rope. He said, "Not much use tying you to one of these bushes. But I'll be awake."

Being top dog wasn't all the battle, Martin thought, as he rolled himself up. After a while he took a peep at Holt. He was still sitting up stiffly.

Martin meant to keep awake himself, but he presently fell asleep. He awoke to the sounds of the most bloodcurdling screams he had ever heard. He fought his way out of his blankets, confused and frightened.

He saw Holt sitting petrified on his box, staring down at the sandstone town. The screams were shattering the night, shrill, throbbing, full of the awful hollowness of a voice that came from beyond the grave.



"When did the cat get married?"

Martin swung round and looked down into the town. As he did so, he saw a form glide across an opening. It was in all respects human, although its shape was not clearly defined. It glowed, but its glow was not much brighter than the surrounding atmosphere so that it merged with it.

It had legs and arms and head and flying hair and there were darker lines which looked like ribs and bones. And yet there was the suggestion of female curves; transparent they were, if of substance, but they seemed like the astral body of a spirit.

So much Martin saw as he looked; then the shape became merely a head which glowed, merely a skull without substance, but for the flying hair, which floated above the tops of the sandstone houses.

Martin's scalp prickled and he was terrified so that when Holt suddenly jumped to his feet and yelled hoarsely he yelled also. The screams and the yells and the fear in the air panicked the camels and they were screaming too.

Holt was crashing about frantically; he was crazed and when the apparition turned and headed towards them he went blundering up the ridge.

Martin stayed. He had lost all power of movement. He waited with every nerve tingling for the Thing to come up the rise.

It came on, a fearsome skeleton with transparent flesh, glowing. It dived on Holt's rifle and scuttled into the scrub.

And a voice panted, "Martin, you fool, stop gawking and throw me a blanket."

The camels had quietened and the night had wrapped itself in its hush once again. The sandstone city slumbered just

Beauty in brief

VARY YOUR MENU

By CAROLYN EARLE

To win and keep a good figure when present weight is within a few pounds of healthful shapeliness is a relatively simple undertaking.

THE average woman probably overeats a little, and a rearrangement of eating habits in these small ways for a limited period usually does the trick:—

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- Eat only fresh fruit for dessert.
- Eat sparingly of cereals, bread, potatoes, sauces, or custards made with flour. Also fried foods, spreads for sandwiches, mayonnaise. At least don't mix them indiscriminately.
- By-pass in-between meals and bedtime snacks.
- Until you reach your correct weight, avoid soda fountain drinks, sundaes, and soft drinks.

as if no disturbance had occurred on its streets.

Dawn was wrapped in a blanket and Martin's arms, but she was saying, "Don't worry about Holt. He'll keep going until he falls, but the natives will track him down to-morrow."

"I doubt whether there'll be any tracks," Martin said. "He was flying."

Dawn giggled. She said, "It happened like that once before. In Broome. He got the jitters over the spirit of a dead diver he said visited him. He's terribly allergic to spirits."

"After this experience," Martin said feelingly, "I'll probably be the same."

"Darling, I'm so sorry I scared you."

"I don't know what scared me most, your screams or your appearance."

He felt her shudder. "I've terribly frightened myself," she confessed. "I had an awful feeling that Dibianna was peering at me from behind the curtains."

He looked down at her. His face still glowed and there were broad white streaks across his cheeks. But he kissed her again.

She started to laugh. "How will you explain the light smears?" They're like smears of phosphorescent paint."

"I don't have to explain anything to anybody," he said. Then, sternly, "But you do."

"That's what I'm trying to do."

"First I want to know the Are you quite sure you can trust me now?"

Please turn to page 53

LAST CHANCE TO WIN £3,100

There's still time to place the entry that can win you one of 253 prizes worth a total of £3,100 — if you hurry. All you have to do is complete the sentence, "Club Blades are best because . . ." in 25 words or less. A few simple words can be worth a small fortune to you.

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Judging will be done by the General Manager of Australia's largest daily newspaper, a leading sporting editor, an advertising expert and a merchandising specialist. They will judge for aptness and originality.

No correspondence can be undertaken and judges' decision will be final. All entries and ideas contained therein become the property of Club Razor Blades Pty. Ltd. and may be published by them as they see fit. Any person resident in Australia may enter (except employees of Club Razor Blades Pty. Ltd., their advertising agents and their families). Any competitor may lodge as many entries as desired but to be eligible for the cash bonuses, every entry must contain a Club Razor Blade wrapper. Not more than one prize may be won by any one competitor. Entries received later than 5 p.m. April 30th, 1952, cannot be considered. Winners will be notified and a full list of prize winners will be available on application. West Australian and South Australian residents are not eligible to compete.

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1st PRIZE: Original oil painting of Phar Lap by Stuart Reid.

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150 Prizes each of £5 cash. 100 Prizes each of £2/10/- cash.

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KBEE

The Red Centre

Continued from page 52

DAWN'S laughter vanished in a sudden indignation. "Surely it's obvious that I trust you," she said.

"When were you sure?" Martin persisted.

"The night we reached Ayers Rock," she said. "When you said you thought you heard a plane. I went to sleep thinking of it and woke up quite sure. I was certain we would be followed. And they had the plane. If you had known what they would do, you wouldn't have mentioned the noise."

He stared down at her. He wasn't sure of her logic, but if she was satisfied that was all that mattered. He said, "And so all you were planning was to get me out here with the others—and do what?"

"Well, there were Steve and Bill. We had a talk with them."

"The Security people too?" She nodded. "And Inspector Connors. They said they'd be in it just to prove you were right."

"I seem to have some friends," he said.

"I dropped a hint here and there in Alice Springs that we were going through to Broome. It wasn't such a crazy trip to make; there had been so much rain in the outback. I knew, of course, that they were after father's find and would follow. Out from Broome we were going to stop at a spot and get busy and somewhere handy there would be some mounted police. When Holt came along with father's counter in his pack he would be arrested."

Martin jerked his head. "It's here," he said, "and I bet it's as agitated as my heart still is."

"We'll try it in the morning," she said, "but it was very active over at father's find."

"You didn't tell me about that," he charged, "even after you were sure."

She looked up at him.

"Martin," she whispered, "I wanted that to be your security. If we didn't find any other indications I wanted that to be your surprise. I knew how you felt about your job and once I was certain, I realised what a sacrifice you'd made coming out here. Because it was clear you weren't very confident of finding uranium and—"

"If you must know, Miss Storey," he stated, "I—"

She reached up and kissed him. She said, "I've still got some more explaining to do, so don't sidetrack me, Mr. Stewart. We begin again at the Petermanns when Holt turned up. I was visiting June at the time they arrived and I shushed the natives and told them they were bad fellows and that they'd better keep out of their way."

"We retreated to another gully, where I got back into the dress June had loaned me and went native with them. The natives had seen the rifles, and I couldn't talk any of the men into making an attack to release you. So I went into a huddle and thought of all sorts of plans."

"Such as?"

"Well, it boiled down to this. I had to release you or protect you. When I remembered you could fly, I got an idea. It was to get Holt's pilot away so that he would have to depend on you to fly him out when he was ready to go. Before he left I felt certain I'd think up something else."

"Smarty," Martin said.

"No, lucky," Dawn said. "It did all work out to plan although I despaired sometimes. First I called Jackie, June, and some of the elders into a conference and told them I'd like to use June to lure one of the white men into the bush and capture him. Jackie was too scandalised so I asked if they would do the grabbing if I did the luring. They agreed, then I

started to think how to get Holt or at least his rifle, and I decided that I must get Holt out of the gully. From there on everything fell into place."

"Very clever," Martin murmured. "Go on."

"Well, I remembered the sandstone town and the possibility of it being radio-active, and decided Holt had to go there. I remembered that he was scared of spirits, and I thought that if I could get him over here and frighten the daylight out of him he might bolt and leave his rifle. So I thought up Dibianna, and put it all to Jackie."

"Well, the pilot was caught as you know. I was certain that part would go off smoothly by the way he sat on the rock and watched the natives bathing. I sneaked up through the bush and when I knew he had seen me made off. He followed and I had to move fast, but the natives caught him."

"He's at the rock pool with Jackie and a few others waiting to tell Steve about everything if he turns up while we're here."

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Martin felt her shudder a little and held her tight.

She said, "Playing the part of Dibianna proved the greatest role of my career. The singing part was very difficult and coming over with the natives I practised some of the notes and nearly terrified myself and the blackfellows. I tried to talk June into playing it, but none of the natives will come within miles of this spot."

She pointed away behind where they sat.

"They're waiting back there. I came on alone into the city, looking for the theatre's dressing-rooms. I had some of Jackie's ceremonial pigments with me and there was the phosphorescent stuff. They were my make-up and costume."

She peeped up at him. "I hope you're not shocked, Martin."

He cleared his throat. He said, "Desperate situations require desperate remedies, Miss Storey. But I hope that when we return to the city and settle down you will not cause the police to turn in a riot call by a repetition of such unseemly conduct."

Dawn lifted her face completely and the glow over the sandstone seemed to dim.

"Just imagine," Martin murmured, kissing her. "I thought you the dead heart."

She laughed happily. She said, "And I thought you the red centre. Imagine that."

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician,
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Were captured in an African forest and taken to a treetop village. Their captors were strange tree-dwellers, who became

friendly when Mandrake shot a marauding hawk, but a fire broke out during the excitement and the forest was destroyed. Escaping, Mandrake and his friends set out for civilisation, leaving the tree-dwellers to a new life on the plain. **NOW READ ON:**

ESCAPING FROM THE TREE PEOPLE, MANDRAKE, NARDA AND LOTHAR START THE LONG TRIP BACK TO THE COAST ON FOOT. THIS IS WILD COUNTRY, SAYS MANDRAKE...

"WE'VE GOT TO WALK TWO HUNDRED MILES TO THE SEA. MAYBE GRANT, THE HUNTER, WAS WISER IN HEADING FOR THE INLAND TOWN," HE ADDS, AS THEY BEGIN THE TREK.

WILD COUNTRY! INHABITED ONLY BY WILD ANIMALS--AND WILD MEN. FROM AFAR, THEY ARE WATCHED WITH KEEN INTEREST BY SOME OF THE LATTER--"HEAD-HUNTERS!"

QUETLY TRAILING THE TWO, THE SAVAGE HEAD-HUNTERS SUDDENLY BURST UPON THEM FROM THE BUSH, SCREAMING AND WAVING THEIR GIANT KNIVES!

TRAPPED, MANDRAKE THROWS DOWN HIS RIFLE IN DISGUST. "NOT ENOUGH AMMUNITION LEFT TO HOLD THEM OFF! I'LL HAVE TO HANDLE THEM WITHOUT BULLETS."--"BUT THEY'RE HEAD-HUNTERS!" WHISPERS NARDA IN TERROR, AS HE STARTS TOWARD THEM...

APPROACHING THEM, MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY. "WANT MY HEAD, DO YOU?" HE LAUGHS. "THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT. I ALWAYS CARRY A SHARP AND THE HEAD-HUNTERS STARE IN AMAZEMENT!"

AMAZED, THE SAVAGES START TOWARD LOTHAR. MANDRAKE GESTURES AGAIN...

"WANT LOTHAR?" SAYS MANDRAKE. "MAYBE HE'S TOO BIG FOR YOU TO HANDLE!"--AS LOTHAR'S HEAD SEEMS TO BECOME GIGANTIC!

TO BE CONTINUED



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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The pillow-slip is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on white organdie. The narrow lace edging is not supplied. Size 11in. x 17in., price 4/11. Postage 7d. extra.

No. 222—THREE TEA TOWELS
The towels are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen with blue, red, or green borders. Size 22in. x 32in., price 6/6 each, postage 8d. extra; set of three, 18/9, postage and registration 1/9 extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

Fashion PATTERNS



PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6845.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make sheer blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/6.

F6725.—Smart pyramid-type winter coat has contrast for collar, cuffs, and front facing. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 54in. material and 1 1/2 yds. 54in. contrast. Price, 4/6.

F6846.—One-piece daytime dress combines a soft bodice and wide skirtline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6807.—A pretty and practical style for a cover-up overall. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6847.—Winter coat and matching gaiters suitable for a small boy or girl. Sizes 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires 2 yds. 54in. material or 2 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from **Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd.**, Ultimo House, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

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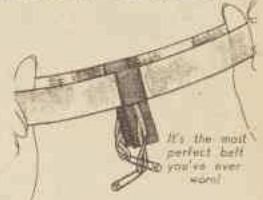
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